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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Lords was deprived on **Friday** week of the benefit of hearing

Lord WEMYSS discourse on Socialistic legislation, in consequence of Lord SALISBURY's soul. The PRIME MINISTER, as Prime Ministers will be, was a little late; and, though they say that he came down after all, Lord WEMYSS, not finding it in his heart to bestow any less than full measure on so dear a head in so great a cause, postponed the allocution. Two matters in the conversational part of the two sittings in the House of Commons on the same day may deserve a word. If Mr. SEXTON and Mr. DILLON are puzzled by the absence of policemen at funerals in Westminster Abbey, let us put to them the startlingly novel proposition that we have not yet come in England to burying persons like the late Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS there. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, whose wisdom some have doubted, but who has never been regarded as anything but a gentleman, begged the pardon of the House for the unwarranted retelling of his private conversation by one of those pests of society, the interviewers and paragraph-mongers who hang about certain newspapers. May we, in the immortal words of Lieutenant TAPLETON, suggest to Sir GEORGE that the means of avoiding such inconveniences in future will be to be more careful in his choice of company? The Pleuro-Pneumonia Bill passed through Committee. In the evening Sir RICHARD TEMPLE procured from Sir W. HART-DYKE a promise of the abolition of payment by results. We cannot say, "Long live the new fads!" but, at any rate, one of the old fads is dead; and so mote it be with them all, new and old. Then Mr. CONYBEARE, fresh from his holiday, rose to address the House; but the House knew its mounted CONYBEARE, and fled, counting itself incontinently out as a tribute to his presence, with that unerring perception of the proper thing to do which, even in these evil days, it sometimes possesses and exhibits.

In the House of Lords on **Monday** a discussion of some length took place on the new Education Code, which was, on the whole, approved. In the Commons, after Mr. STANHOPE had given some information as to the way in which the Government intend to carry out their promise to provide equipment for the Volunteers (which is to be on the frugal scale of twelve shillings, or value thereof, per man annually), an evening was given up to the Local Taxation Bill. The debate, of course, resolved itself into a fight over the prostrate bodies of the unhappy publicans between the faddists and the humbugs on one side and the Government on the other. Mr. RITCHIE explained the scheme of the Bill and said, "Come one, come all!" to the devotees of Temperance and robbery. They came one (Mr. CAINE), they came all; and they wrangled fiercely; the most notable speeches being one in which Mr. T. W. RUSSELL boldly separated himself from his brother fanatics on the question of compensation, and a good argument from the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, against the erroneous construction put by those fanatics on the case of SHARP v. WAKEFIELD.

Some business was done in the House of Lords on **Tuesday**, while the House of Commons at its morning sitting plunged into one of those dreary "second volume" debates which we recently noticed, on the Local Taxation Bill. We do not wish to say anything unkind about the speeches of Sir W. HOULDSWORTH, Mr. ESSLEMONT, Mr. SOMERVELL, Mr. HENEAGE, Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, Mr. RATHBONE, Mr. LEES, Mr. BRYCE, and Mr. LONG. They were, with perhaps one exception, very respectable speeches on their respective sides; but we fear that, if they had been "taken as spoken," no great harm would have been done. In the

evening the House, as so often happens on these double-sitting days, was counted out before the old question of actions for breach of promise could be brought on.

Wednesday brought out one of those curious exhibitions of childishness from which no political party is quite free, but to which the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party is particularly addicted. A certain obscure Irish member has a Bill for anticipating Mr. BALFOUR's appropriation of the Church surplus by handing it all over to agricultural labourers in some way or other not very clear. Knowing that on a **Wednesday** there is but a small muster before the middle of the afternoon, the smart Parnellites and their friends moved and seconded the Bill almost silently, declined to debate it, blocked (so their friends say) the telephone to prevent reinforcements arriving, resorted to that Closure which in theory they denounce so magnificently, and in a House which held not a quarter of its strength rejected an amendment of Mr. JOHNSTON's by 94 to 68. Then (the Ministerialists wisely declining either to talk against time or divide) they got the Bill read a second time in the face of a cool announcement from Mr. BALFOUR that whatever they did would be labour lost, as the Government would pay no attention whatever to it. As a mere practical joke even this might pass, especially as Governments have no business to be caught napping thus, and as this Government has been caught once or twice; but such indulgence can hardly extend to the grave exultation of the Separatist organs over the Government "defeat." Still, a party in minority naturally displays the characteristics of other infants. After this farce the Jury (Ireland) Bill—a Parnellite plan to limit the Crown right of challenge—was debated in a fairly full house and thrown out by 205 to 152. Lastly, Mr. MUNRO-FERGUSON's Local Authorities (Scotland) Acquisition of Land Bill—one of those "Socialistic" measures which so do move Lord WEMYSS—was discussed till the close of the sitting, when Mr. J. A. CAMPBELL moved and carried the adjournment of the debate by 210 to 168.

The Compensation debate (to give it its real name) was wound up on **Thursday** night by some lively speaking and a capital division. The House rejected Mr. CAINE's amendment for the Plunder of the Publicans by 339 to 266—a large muster, and a very satisfactory majority, on a question where fanatics, by impudence and organization, have established little less than a system of terrorism on weak-kneed or weak-minded candidates for Parliament. The speakers included Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. MATTHEWS, Mr. GLADSTONE (who swallowed some more of his own former principles, as he would now, it seems, swallow anything), Mr. LABOUCHERE (who is distressed at "an incestuous union between the parson and the pothouse-keeper"), Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. SMITH. The Opposition has discovered that Sir WILFRID LAWSON was wise, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT convincing. "And for our foes, may this their blessing be"—to take their wisdom from Sir WILFRID and their conviction from Sir WILLIAM.

Foreign
Affairs.

Germany once more leads the way under the head of foreign affairs, great interest having been felt in the new CHANCELLOR's speech on the subject of German proceedings in Africa. New brooms sweep clean, and perhaps General VON CAPRIVI's speech does not quite deserve the praises which have been heaped on it. But it was a good straightforward address, and its bearing on English interests is worth examining. The speech was followed by some interesting debate on the subject. Meanwhile the Germans have taken another port; but Emin Pasha's Expedition is said to be faring ill. The interest of the Reichstag sittings was well maintained on **Wednesday**, when Count VON MOLTKE came down to support the Army Bill, and did so in a speech the most important point of

which was the laying down of a proposition running contrary to general recent opinion. Most pundits have held that all wars now must be short; the greatest military authority in Europe tells us that neither a Seven, nor even a Thirty, Years' War would surprise him, so well are "all the Great Powers" prepared. The Count was too polite to say "all but one."—Very liberal promise of interest is made in reference to the Major PANITZA trial in Bulgaria, evidence being, it is said, forthcoming which will bring the complicity of Russia in the matter home beyond a doubt. Let us hope that M. STAMBOULOFF has not been dealing with PIGOTTS. Meanwhile, the tender heart of Russia is moved by the report that they have been beating the Major with eelskins full of sand.—Discussions on foreign affairs have also taken place in the Italian Parliament, where Signor CRISPI is as complimentary as the German CHANCELLOR to the harmony with which Italy is working with England. This is very nice; and it is only the horrid cynic who will suggest that it is not difficult to work harmoniously with a friend at the friend's expense.

It was thought that East Bristol would do ill for Unionism, and it did worse than was thought. The Home Rule majority was largely increased, despite the polling of some six hundred votes by a Labour candidate. But the Conservative vote was very little diminished from the piping times of 1886, and there is no doubt that both the odour of sanctity of Mr. HANDEL COSSHAM and the odour of cash of Sir JOSEPH WESTON, who is not only a deservedly popular man, but one of the largest employers of labour in Bristol, had their effect. It is well to go pegging on at such constituencies; for a defeat does no harm, and half a dozen defeats sometimes lead to a victory. A thoroughly suitable candidate for Tipperary, as an addition to Mr. PARNELL's white footmen, has been found in Mr. HARRISON, the foolish young person of Balliol who shared Mr. CONYBEARE'S pranks at Falcarragh, and was kindly dismissed by the minions of the tyrant. In East Galway a most appropriate successor to Mr. MATTHEW HARRIS has been found in Mr. JOHN ROCHE.

A speech of at least considerable historical interest was delivered by Mr. GLADSTONE on Monday at a meeting held to present Mr. T. B. POTTER, as Chairman of the Cobden Club, with an address. Mr. GLADSTONE confessed that the English Free-trader is now at best *Athanasius contra mundum*, and Mr. POTTER said that Mr. GLADSTONE is the foremost of the great men in the world. On the next day a letter was published to Mr. C. A. FYFFE, Separatist candidate for East Wilts, in which Mr. GLADSTONE says that the statement that he came in on allotments in 1886, and then did nothing for them, is "not only untrue, but ridiculous." If Mr. GLADSTONE elects to use such language, his opponents need not mind, though they would naturally prefer not to begin it. For, as a matter of fact, his own statement is not only ridiculous, but untrue.

This has been a week of great severity in the matter of banquets—using that term in the expansive sense of North Britain. At the meeting just referred to, in which Mr. GLADSTONE took part, illuminated addresses formed the sole and arid browse. But the Liberal-Unionists had a real dinner to Lord HARTINGTON on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, where much good company assembled and after dinner did much spirited speaking. ABDIEL was not liked in the camp of LUCIFER, and the Gladstonian newspapers are very much exercised at the absolute refusal of the remnant of the real Liberal party either to come back or to say soft things of the deserters. On the same night the Corporation of London gave a conversazione to Mr. STANLEY, who relieved his soul a little about EMIN, abused Quakers and journalists (which he has our full leave to do), told some home truths about the reckless folly with which England has thrown away her chances, and spoke, for the first time with real passion and nobility, about those of his companions whose bones lie scattered in the Afric forests dim. This speech subsequently brought Mr. STANLEY into trouble with Mr. PEASE, who protested against the introduction of his name. Mr. STANLEY admitted the error, and explained it, but stood stoutly to his guns as to Quakerism generally. On Wednesday followed the Literary Fund Dinner, where an unusual number of persons, literary and other, rallied round the PRINCE OF WALES to celebrate the centenary of the fund, and the PRINCE'S own second Chairmanship. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS spoke, as usual, to the point, neatly, and—which cannot be

said of most others—audibly, while Mr. MORLEY had his health proposed by the Bishop of RIXON, the precaution having been taken to post two other Bishops by Mr. MORLEY himself as a corps of observation. Fortunately this episcopal reserve was not called on for active service.

The very thorny and awkward question of the Newfoundland Fisheries is again giving trouble, and strong applications are being made to the Home authorities by the colony, which is grumbling seriously, and, to tell the truth, not unreasonably. Between the fact that the French claims are, to a great extent, indisputable, and the fact that they create a state of things naturally intolerable to the islanders, England is in a very awkward position. The situation ought never to have been allowed to survive the close of the revolutionary wars.

The political speeches of the week out of Parliament have been, except at the Crystal Palace dinner, inferior in interest to the non-political; but Mr. GOSCHEN made a good foray into the enemy's country at Northampton on Wednesday; and on the same day Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN did almost as much service to Unionism at Margate, by observing that the Government is supported by three classes—"the clergy, the Irish land-lords, and the publicans." For to this may a naturally respectable intellect come when it admits the influence of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The temper of the reckless rascaldom which pretends to champion labour may be well judged from the conduct of the Hamburg gasmen, who left that city in darkness on Monday night. There have also been serious riots in Prague and at Bilbao. In London, on Sunday last, there was another, but smaller, Hyde Park demonstration of railway workers, on which occasion the valiant Mr. JOHN BURNS (fresh from playing BESSUS to Mr. BRADLAUGH'S LYGONES, or rather, with even more prudence than BESSUS showed, evading the meeting which he had pretended to challenge) delivered himself of some sapience on the sufferings of labour, and remarked that, by paying four and a quarter instead of five and a quarter per cent. to the "non-producing shareholders," so many extra men could be employed by Railway Companies. Will Mr. BURNS point out what railways pay five and a quarter per cent. on the present price of their ordinary stock?

In the return of the punctuality of trains which has been looked for with some interest, the Great Eastern is, as was expected, first; the South-Eastern is not.—A Government investigation has been ordered in France into the affairs of the very powerful corporation called the *Crédit Foncier*.—Two celebrations in connexion with the QUEEN'S Jubilee took place at the end of last week and the beginning of this. The first was the presentation to HER MAJESTY of the "Army" Gift—an elaborate centrepiece designed by Mr. GILBERT, the one English sculptor who is labouring to take away our reproach in the matter of metal-work. The second was the unveiling of the statue of the PRINCE CONSORT in Windsor Great Park, which formed part of the "Women's" Gift. Some rather ungenerous comment has been made on this last; it should be remembered, even by those who stop a good deal short of PRINCE-CONSORT-worship, that only a very small fraction of the gift was so spent, and that by far the greater part of it was devoted to HER MAJESTY'S wish to charitable purposes.—At the sale of the WELLS Collection on Saturday a considerable number of LANDSEERS fetched prices rather surprising, considering all things. Meanwhile, as Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN has usefully pointed out, three of the best pictures in England—Lord RADNOR'S HOLBEIN, VELAZQUEZ, and MORONI—are likely to leave the country, which has just thrown away three millions on a Budget likely to do good to no mortal soul. Perhaps we are not so badly off as Mr. COLVIN thinks as regards VELAZQUEZ, and we already have an incomparable MORONI in the National Gallery; but though HOLBEIN was almost English by adoption, we have nothing of his.

Few Englishmen or Englishwomen whose deaths have been recorded this week were so well known as Admiral DU PETIT THOUARS and the tenor, M. EMILE NAUDIN, an admirable DANILOWITZ in the great days of the *Etoile du Nord*, and, what is more important, excellent in the *Africaine*, which ruined his voice as it ruined others. But Lady VERNEY, both in herself and as

Miss NIGHTINGALE's sister, was a notable person and possessed considerable literary talent.

Late last week appeared an addition to the Books, &c. gaiety of individuals in the shape of the second *Album Caran d'Ache* (Paris: PLOX). It is not easy for any one to keep up a constant succession of such things, and a slight suspicion of self-copying may be detected here and there in the clever Polish-Parisian caricaturist; but still there has been no such fun with the line from any other artist for long years.—There has been issued the first number of a little monthly periodical called *The Author*, published by the Society of that ilk, and edited by Mr. BESANT. Here may the persecuted learn the fiendish wiles of their persecutors, and how to flee from them. But Mr. BESANT wants to bind a grievous burden on unhappy editors by establishing the right of the author to have his manuscript returned. Why, we should like to know, is he, of all people in the world, to be permitted to constitute unoffending folk involuntary bailees at his own unhallowed pleasure, and to make their lives a burden to them ever afterwards?—The audacious experiment of an amateur performance of *Orpheus* at Cambridge seems to have gone off very well indeed.

THE FALL OF THE HAMMER.

THERE has been much talk, of all kinds from authoritative explanation to the merest gossip and rumour, during the present week as to the relations and prospects of Germany and England in Africa. Mr. STANLEY's public receptions and speeches in England have continued, and he has also addressed words to interlocutors who have put them in the papers on this subject. The words are, on the whole, only too sensible words, and although it was not necessary to traverse the forests of the Aruwimi thrice in order to come to the opinion they contain, they will have more authority, by reason of that traversing, with the general public, and certainly not less authority with those who know. General VON CAPRIVI has devoted almost a maiden speech of the particular kind to the subject in the Reichstag, and, if he has not told us more than Ministers generally do tell in such cases, has by general consent acquitted himself like a man. The two Foreign Offices are known to be conferring at Berlin, and though it is certain that much, and possible that all, which has been said about the subject of their conversations is a fond thing vainly invented, that subject is of far too much importance not to justify a serious invitation to every Englishman to form, and express if necessary, an opinion on the subject. The questions really at issue are by no means complicated; the facts affecting a decision are neither very numerous nor very recondite; the interests concerned are very great indeed.

We have hardly, if at all, exaggerated these interests by the phrase which stands at the head of this article. It is at least very possible that the biddings for the practical possession of the largest part of the earth's surface yet unclaimed are closing, and that the hammer, allotting the major portion of them to Germany or to England, will shortly fall. It does not require any very elaborate study of geography to bear out the first part of this proposition; but it is to be feared that few Englishmen will give themselves the trouble to realize how little of Africa, comparatively speaking, there is left. It seems but the other day that the merest fringe of even claimed districts ran about the coasts, and that the whole interior was No Man's Land. It is scarcely a generation since any serious impression was made on that interior. It is not a decade since, if England had taken into her head to annex all the territory now in dispute, and a great deal more, the matter of course grumbles of Portugal and the equally matter of course snarls from the madder kind of French Chauvinist would have been all she had to fear or consider. Nor, indeed, could any nation have had a better claim; for, south of the Sahara and the districts then recognized as Egyptian, almost everything that was known about the country was known as the result of the adventures and discoveries of English travellers—LIVINGSTONE, GRANT, SPEKE, BURTON, BAKER, STANLEY, CAMERON, and others. The moment was let pass, and there happened what usually does happen when moments are let pass. At the present time, enormous as are the spaces of Africa, there are but few which are still unclaimed. The whole Northern coast is owned, protected, or coveted by European Powers. To

the south of the impracticable district below Morocco the French have been forming a "Soudan Français," which, though not exactly so vast as they would have it, is very great, especially when taken into connexion with their Gaboon claims, and which, as English comments on the references to it made in Paris the other day show, has in its formation escaped the attention of too many Englishmen. The petty and entangled possessions of various European countries on the coast of Upper Guinea take us to that of Lower Guinea, which as coast is wholly Portuguese; while part of the interior has been abandoned to that very oddly constituted entity the Congo State, which appears to be half a State and half a private possession. The German acquisitions of Damara and Namaqua-land, though of little good to Germans, are inconveniently placed for English access to the interior. Then, skipping the Cape Colony and its appendages for the present, we come to the other Portuguese coast, and to the German "Sphere," succeeded only by the comparatively narrow coast-line of the British East African Company, above which the Italians have grasped at much and are aiming at more. For the British posts about the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb have the character rather of points of military occupation than colonizing centres. With the coast, therefore, there is little or nothing more to be done. As for the interior, we have—after many hesitations and much gross unwisdom, resulting in lamentable cantles cut out of what should have been ours—taken a decided line by the formation of the South African Company. If a proper attitude is maintained here against Portuguese, German, and Afrikaner pretensions, a noble territory, hardly inferior to any of our present possessions, may be formed in time, and perhaps in time completed by the reabsorption of the Transvaal and the recovery of Delagoa Bay. Here, therefore, things ought to be in a pretty fair train. The point of importance and doubt is the formation, or rather maintenance, of a similar sphere in the North. As Mr. STANLEY says, we might have had the Congo, we might have had all Zanzibar; as he did not say, the latter was actually offered to us. We refused it, we forced the Egyptians to abandon Khartoum, we handed over the Congo to anybody who liked, we admitted Germany at Bagamoyo. But we can still, by our actual occupation and projected retention of the right of entry in Egypt, by the actual possessions of the British East African Company, and by the right of preemption, so to speak, which we may, if we please, at this moment establish over the Equatorial Lake Country, and the district from it to the Congo, mark out a region of magnificent proportions and of magnificent promises. If we do not do so, it is quite certain that Germany will. There is plenty of money in Germany now, there is plenty of enterprise, and there is a determination in those quarters by which German enterprise has long been guided to direct the energies of the nation into Africa. Let them by all means be so directed. No reasonable Englishman can now object to Germany doing what she pleases from the coast to Lake Tanganyika, and the northern and southern ends of Lakes Nyassa (the Stevenson Road excepted) and Victoria respectively, and so out westward to the Congo Free State. That is ample space for her, and it ought, with due regard to the South African Company's rights, to be conceded freely.

But what ought never to be conceded—what ought to be resisted by every Englishman, of whatever party, who has an ounce of brain in his head and an ounce of pluck in his heart, may be indicated by dwelling on two of the suggestions said to have been made in the pourparlers between Sir PERCY ANDERSON and Herr KRAUEL, at Berlin. One is that England shall recognize the delimitation agreement between Germany herself and Portugal on which Portugal relies in part for her pretensions in the Nyassa region; the other that Germany should be let in north of the Victoria Nyanza and on the west bank of the Nile. Now it is not too much to say that any English Minister who granted either of these claims would deserve impeachment. There is no clearer principle of law or sense than that two contracting parties cannot bind a third non-contracting party to his damage, and it no more matters to us what Germany may have arranged with Portugal than what Mercury may have arranged with Saturn. Still this may, if any one likes, be set down as an amiable attempt on Germany's part to carry out her own engagements. Any attempt on her part to secure a footing north of the Victoria Lake, between the Nyanzas and the Congo in Uganda, or on the Nile, would be contrary to the original delimitation of "spheres," would gravely compromise the interests of Egypt, and

would cut off the British East African Company from all future whatever. Nor is this a question of *amour propre*, prestige, earth-hunger, or what not. At this moment almost all regions not covered by the English flag are, if not actually closed to English trade, administered so as to admit it on the most onerous terms only. Mr. GLADSTONE, an absolutely unimpeachable authority on such a point, admitted on Monday last that the Free-trader could not look to any region of the world without finding Protection rampant. Nor could a more significant comment be made on this than the almost coincident boast of a German Colonialmensch in the Reichstag that at this moment the German Company at Bagamoyo is levying fifteen per cent. *ad valorem* duty on a parcel of ivory secured by an Englishman at his own risk and charge in the interior. That is the prospect open to English trade in regions under the German flag—a prospect which ought to appeal to the most sordid as well as to the shrewdest. All things, in short, point to the approaching “fall of the hammer” as far as one of the largest and most promising regions, if not the last promising or large region, of the earth is concerned. We still have the bidding in our hands if we choose; if we let it go against us, nothing but the costly agency of war will ever recover for us what we shall have lost.

AD MAJOREM T. B. P. GLORIAM.

THE word, if not to, is of Mr. T. B. POTTER. The other day Mr. JOHN MORLEY went down to Rochdale, and sang his praises in a strain of almost lyric enthusiasm. On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE took up the wondrous tale in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The puzzle is, who organizes these things? Has Mr. T. B. POTTER a Mr. T. B. POTTER of his own, who is to him what he is, or was, to Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT? Mr. VINCENT CRUMMLES could never make out how the paragraphs to the honour and glory of Mrs. CRUMMLES and himself found their way into the newspapers, and Mr. T. B. POTTER is, we are sure, as innocent of the knowledge of these organized tributes to him until he approves the deed. Lord GRANVILLE, who, having been rather compulsorily retired from the leading political business, contents himself, with almost ostentatious cheerfulness, with the part of first old man, presided. Mr. GLADSTONE was charged, as orator of the human race, with the task of conveying to Mr. T. B. POTTER the acknowledgments of the civilized world. Lord GRANVILLE presented himself modestly enough in the character of an old gentleman who had lost his voice. We think this dispensation rather a capricious one. If Providence was bent on depriving some old gentleman of his voice, a better selection is conceivable, on the principle that the abuse should abolish the use. But on the possibilities opened out by this speculation we cannot trust ourselves to dwell. Lord GRANVILLE has now two favourite characters in which he appears—that to which we have just referred, of the veteran who lags far from superfluously on the stage, and retrospectively that of the young gentleman who half a century ago, or thereabouts, separated from his party in order to vote with Mr. VILLIERS in favour of the repeal of the Corn-laws. Lord GRANVILLE is never tired of recalling this striking exploit. As Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK was adored once, so Lord GRANVILLE thought and acted for himself once. Unfortunately, he seems to have expended his whole capital of independence and self-assertion in this daring adventure, and to have contented himself with being a sort of shadow and echo of other men, the “affable familiar ghost” of statesmanship.

Mr. GLADSTONE commenced his speech with announcing his determination to lay aside for the day, or at any rate for “this portion of the day,” the political controversies in which he is engaged. He is capable of doing many things; yet we did not think he could have done that. Nevertheless, he did it, or made a near approach to doing it. Of course he eulogized Mr. T. B. POTTER, in whom he recognized “the friend and fellow-worker of RICHARD COBDEN, “the successor to his labours and the depositary of his “traditions.” This is rather hard upon RICHARD COBDEN, however gratifying to Mr. T. B. POTTER, whose presence in the society in which he found himself obscurely suggests that of BOTTOM, “the shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,” in TITANIA'S Court. Mr. GLADSTONE has amiable cheeks did coy, and Lord GRANVILLE obeyed the injunction, “Scratch my head, PEAS-BLOSSOM.” Mr. T. B. POTTER is, we have no doubt, possessed of many virtues, and, in the tautologi-

cal language of tombstone eulogy, universally respected by all who know him. But, if we may speak plainly, he is in his public character rather a nuisance—a sort of teakettle, with a power of voluntarily attaching itself to the tails of big dogs, and going bounding and clattering after them down all manner of streets. He has hustled into notoriety by connecting himself with “causes” and “movements,” and conspicuous persons of all sorts and conditions. This type of man is now becoming disagreeably common. In all departments of life there are men whose aim it is to be the showmen of menageries of lions, political, social, and literary; men who, without any personal titles to recognition, annex themselves to notabilities of one kind or another. In some cases, the vassalage or the valetage is prompted by an honest personal devotion, like that of TOM STEELE to O'CONNELL. But when a man serves so many masters as Mr. T. B. POTTER has done, it is difficult to avoid suspecting that, above any of them, he cleaves to himself. Mr. T. B. POTTER is, however, in one sense a favourable specimen of his class. He left no calling for his idle trade, or, if he did, he could apparently afford to do it. He is sufficiently rewarded with the presentation of an illuminated address. There are others who, quitting the honest trades by which they might have made a living for themselves and a provision for their families and their old age, devote themselves to political business or to political busyboddiness, the ultimate consequence being the circulation of the hat, in a by no means pleasant manner. This is a class which is increasing, and the existence of which—due regard being made for vested interests—should in every way be discountenanced. The mischief is not purely individual or domestic. Agitations are invented for the sake of the agitators, and causes for the sake of the promoters, to the gratuitous disturbance of the public mind.

Mr. T. B. POTTER, with possibly an imperfect recollection of BRUTUS'S tribute to CÆSAR, asked in his short, or shortly-reported, speech, “what he had done that the foremost of the “great men of the world should thus honour him?” To praise a man who has just praised you is natural enough, and venial; and we will not ask who made Mr. T. B. POTTER a judge of the great men of the world and the arbiter of their claims to the foremost place. But we cannot refuse a passing tribute to Mr. T. B. POTTER'S innocence. Mr. T. B. POTTER has been a valuable electioneering agent in the past, and he may be a valuable electioneering agent in the future. We must not omit to mention, further, that Mr. T. B. POTTER modestly disclaimed the position which Mr. GLADSTONE awarded him of successor to COBDEN'S labours and depositary of his traditions. He assigned that position, we believe with perfect justice, to the late Sir LOUIS MALLET, whom he described as the intellectual head of the Cobden Club. This is not, perhaps, saying much for Sir LOUIS MALLET, for whom a great deal more might with truth be said. His name, however, suggests a rather curious infelicity in Mr. GLADSTONE'S otherwise unexceptionable speech. The instances in which Mr. GLADSTONE was unable to adhere to his resolution not to enter upon topics of present political controversy were two. One of them was the Sugar Bounties Convention, the other was Bimetallism. The first of these Mr. GLADSTONE represented as an insidious and covert attempt to introduce the principle of Protection into our industrial system. Now, curiously enough, Sir LOUIS MALLET, the intellectual head of the Cobden Club, according to its other and non-intellectual head, and the genuine depositary of the Cobden traditions, was an ardent defender of the Sugar Convention, which, to add to the enormity of the business, “a baron” was appointed to negotiate; and he defended it as a Free-trader and in the interests of cheap sugar. Bimetallism, though it has, says Mr. GLADSTONE, a few dupes among honest Free-traders, is an attempt to introduce high prices. “I cannot believe,” he said, “that any instructed disciple of Mr. COBDEN ever “can or will be an advocate of bimetallism.” Then Sir LOUIS MALLET was not an instructed disciple of Mr. COBDEN, for he was a strong advocate of bimetallism, a bimetallist of the bimetallists, and prominent to the last year of his life in the public controversies on both subjects. Mr. GLADSTONE may be right; Sir LOUIS MALLET may have been wrong; but there can be no doubt as to which of them, speaking generally, represents the COBDEN tradition.

THE BANQUET TO LORD HARTINGTON.

IT is just possible, we think, that the eminent Liberal-Unionist who occupied the chair at the recent banquet at the Crystal Palace may not have a long time in which to play the part which he described himself as playing in relation to his distinguished guest. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has certainly on many occasions acted, to quote his humorous remark, "as whipping-boy" to his leader, and we can well understand that he has "almost ceased to look with pleasure to the flattering references which appear so constantly" to Lord HARTINGTON, for fear he should find immediately "following them some very uncomplimentary reference to himself." As we have said, however, it appears to us to be within the bounds of possibility that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may soon begin to find the duties of the office he refers to growing progressively lighter. The Gladstonians, that is to say, show increasing signs of dissatisfaction with this vicarious method of inflicting punishment, and evidently find it more and more difficult to keep their hands off Lord HARTINGTON. It is not exactly that they are tired of hearing him called, or of even calling him themselves, the Just; for the pleasure—which it so much enhances—of calling Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "the other thing" is one which seem never likely to pall. But the truth is, we suspect, that, like many people who have lost their characters, the Gladstonians have only gradually begun to discover the inestimable value of the possession they have flung away, and the immense superiority in influence enjoyed by those who have retained it; and that, concurrently with this discovery, they have come to regard it as a mistake on their part to be so free in admitting the disadvantage at which they stand. They are, in fact, innocently surprised to find that Lord HARTINGTON's universally recognized integrity is so valuable a political asset; and among themselves, perhaps, the feeling of envy inspired by it may be expressed with all the rueful frankness which characterized the memorable aspiration of Colonel FRANCIS CHARTERIS. Still this, as we have remarked, is a truth better suited for meditation in the closet than for enunciation on the platform. After all, the Colonel of the famous epitaph did not go about the world openly proclaiming what sum of money he would give for a good character, and how much per cent. profit he could make out of the investment; and the Gladstonians seem at last to be sensible that they go very near this in calling too frequent attention to the fact that Lord HARTINGTON is recognized as the typical possessor of what they have lost, and, from the merely "business" point of view, have such good reason to regret.

To whatever cause, in short, we are to attribute the fact, it is certain that the warmth of the Gladstonian eulogies of Lord HARTINGTON has perceptibly abated of late, and such political demonstrations as that of the great banquet to which we have referred are certainly calculated to accelerate the cooling process. For they much too uncomfortably recall the fact that the guest of the evening is only one, although the foremost and most representative, member of a group of accomplished and experienced politicians, many of whose names the public had been accustomed for years before the schism took place to associate almost as intimately with the idea of Liberal principles and the Liberal party as that of Mr. GLADSTONE himself. It is this—it is the public commemoration, the public reminder of this most inconvenient and damaging fact—which causes the Gladstonian to writhe; it is this which makes the list of the assembled guests such miserably cheerless reading to him, and which drives the smaller journalistic fry of the party to the ridiculous "fetch" of pretending that, because peers happen to muster strong on the list of Lord HARTINGTON's supporters at the Crystal Palace, the whole party may be dismissed as a gathering of titled nobodies. Well does he know, however—too well by far for his own peace of mind—that the weight of this great list of names is not in their handles, and that the eye of the newspaper reader runs lightly enough over the nobiliary prefix to fasten upon the word, be it titular or patronymic, which recalls the well-remembered and valued services of old colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE. Well, we say, does the Gladstonian know that what really arrests the attention in this long catalogue are, besides those of the Chairman and the guest of the evening, the names of Lord SELBORNE, Lord DERBY, Lord NORTHBROOK, Lord COWPER, Lord MONK-BRETTON, Lord MORLEY, the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. COURTNEY,

Mr. HENEAGE, Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY, Lord STALBRIDGE—fifteen politicians, all of whom have served in Ministerial offices under their former leader, and more than half of whom have been members of one or other of his Cabinets. If there were three other dukes and a host of earls and viscounts present at the banquet, so much the better, primarily, at any rate, for the other dukes, earls, and viscounts. Their adhesion to the Unionist cause is valuable and valued; but it is to the strictly political, and not the social or territorial, influence of Lord HARTINGTON's supporters that Unionists of either section of the party attach chief importance; and it is this, we may be sure, which our opponents regard with by far the greatest amount of discomposure. Lord HARTINGTON quoted, in returning thanks for the toast of his health, the observation of Mr. BRIGHT, that if some great convulsion of nature, or some calamity, were suddenly to remove from amongst them the whole of the occupants of the two Front Benches in both Houses of Parliament, men would very speedily be found to take up their duties and to discharge them with equal ability and success. The quotation, in the circumstances of the case, was one which might be expected naturally enough from a man of Lord HARTINGTON's character, but there is some little danger of overdoing these highly developed illustrations of the maxim "*Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*." Individualities, of minor importance as regards the realization of an accepted national policy, count for a good deal on the question of obtaining, or failing to obtain, the acceptance of a policy by the nation. What course events would have taken if a convulsion of nature had removed both Front Benches in 1886 it is impossible to guess. In all probability Home Rule—or at least Gladstonian Home Rule—would never have been proposed at all; but, assuming that some aspiring Radical had struck Mr. GLADSTONE's bargain with Mr. PARNELL, and sprung the Disruption policy on the country, any convulsion of nature which had carried off the leading men of the Liberal-Unionist party would have certainly removed one of the most formidable obstacles to that aspiring Radical's success.

No one, of course, need hesitate to admit that the case is to a great extent altered now, and that the disappearance of the Liberal-Unionists from the political arena, however much we might and should regret it, would no longer be an event of the same gravity as it would have been four years ago. But to say that is to say no more than that the loss of a brave and efficient contingent is a less serious matter for an army which has fought and won its battle than for one which has its battle to fight. And, as against Gladstonian Home Rule, at any rate, the battle in which the Liberal-Unionists did such yeoman service has, in fact, been fought and won. Whatever the future course of the Irish question, that policy has been knocked on the head, and Lord HARTINGTON and his followers, who have contributed so much to its destruction, may reflect with pride that, if the fortune of political war were to sweep them away to-morrow, it could never undo their work. Not that they would need even the solace of this reflection—as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER well and eloquently insisted in his speech at the banquet the other night. Even if they had failed as completely as they have succeeded, and were destined to political effacement to boot, they would need no other source of consolation than every honest man in such circumstances can find within him. It is, indeed, a curious, not to say an odious, proof of the moral insensibility of the Gladstonians that they should actually think it a "hit" to taunt the Liberal-Unionists with their assumed inevitable extinction as a party at the next election. This, in their opinion, is evidently the worst thing that can befall a politician. Fancy, to be on the losing side! And to pay for being there by suffering the worst penalty of political blundering which in these mild times can befall a public man! Why, one might almost as well sacrifice one's head, as men sometimes did in the old backward times, to this foolish spirit of obstinacy; and the most scathing sarcasm which the Gladstonians level at the Liberal-Unionist is virtually to compare him to those impracticable statesmen who, like Sir THOMAS MORE and others, have only succeeded in handing down their names as monuments of political failure to the imperishable contempt of history.

SIR THOMAS FIGARO.

IT may be remembered that about two months ago a London County Council Bill of a very remarkable character was exposed for dissection in the House of Commons by Mr. BAUMANN and Mr. RITCHIE. According to the title-page of this measure, it was nothing but a Bill to provide for certain improvements in Bow Creek, and to acquire a park at Brockwell for public use. It did appear, indeed, that "various further powers" were asked for, but they were of too little consequence to be specified in the title of the Bill. It was, perhaps, but a childish cunning which bred the belief, or the hope, that, attention being fixed on the request for liberty to build a little bridge and buy a little park, "the various further powers" would be scanned with a careless eye. Childish cunning indeed it was, but painfully lacking in the unconscious naughtiness which we call innocent when found in baby bosoms. The further powers being inquired into, it turned out that what the London County Council really wanted was to become a judicial body and share the authority of the Law Courts. That, for one thing. Then, sandwiched between one clause dealing with bye-laws and another dealing with trespassers in sewers was an application for power to set aside contracts between landlord and tenant as to the payment of rates; but only so that while the engagement to pay was not to bind the tenant, it was to bind the landlord. Another clause we are more immediately concerned with. Its purpose was to amend the Municipal Corporations Act; and it did so in a way that revealed the temper of the Council—or of the advanced politicians who form the controlling majority of its members—most significantly. By the Municipal Corporations Act, which regulates the proceedings of County Councils, three clear days' notice of a meeting must be given; and notice must also be given of the business to be done. Had the "further powers" of the Bow Bridge and Brockwell Park Bill been "sneaked" according to the dignified intention of its framers, the time of notice would have been reduced to twenty-four hours; and not only so, but if a majority of two-thirds at any London County Council meeting, thus hastily convened, agreed to dispose of any business of which no notice had been given, its settlement would stand good, no matter how important the business might be. By such lofty ways do these Sons of Light and Liberty, these insatiable lovers of Discussion above all, pursue their divine right to do as they "d—n please."

The Bow Bridge and Brockwell Park Bill failed in its grand intention. None of these further powers were granted; but the London County Council, persuaded that it is destined to supersede the Legislature by instructions from Spring Gardens, maintains the even tenor of its way. In due time it will try again for an endowment of judicial authority. Not yet has it abandoned its right to regulate taxation by the Democratic idea within the circuit of its parochial authority, and to impose on the Legislature its will in all great moral and constitutional questions. We see this by what happened at the Council meeting of Tuesday last. Public-house licences and licensing being the great moral and constitutional question of the hour, the dictators of the metropolitan Vestry Board felt it to be a duty to instruct the House of Commons on that subject. Occasion was given to Sir THOMAS FARRER at the meeting, by the reading a letter from certain officers of the United Kingdom Alliance; a temperance association distinguished for an intemperance as unlovely as that which it lives to suppress. This letter being read, Sir THOMAS FARRER rose: Sir THOMAS FARRER, one of those learned and useful economists who cannot understand how it is that the extinction of the Coal-dues should be a boon to nobody but a few great London brewers and factory-owners, capitalists to a man. Sir THOMAS FARRER rose to ask "urgency" for a motion which had not been printed on the notice-paper; while, unfortunately, the Bow Bridge and Brockwell Park Bill had not been passed to render no notice a matter of no consequence. But though no notice had been given that the motion was to be brought up, it could be publicly read. Sir THOMAS read it, and it was to this effect: Resolved, that the clauses relating to the extinction of licences in the Local Taxation Bill now before Parliament should be rejected; because, if passed into law, "they will place the London County Council in an invidious position, and will confirm the claims of the holders of licences 'to a vested interest in them.' Under these circumstances,

"the London County Council should at once present a petition against the Bill."

Now, if the Bow Bridge Bill with its extremely various contents had passed, the Council might have finished off this little business in the course of the afternoon. As it was, the Chairman of the Council, who is no Tory, had an opportunity of expostulation which he turned to good account. In expressing himself extremely averse to the Council's interposing in current politics, he invited Sir THOMAS FARRER and his friends to bethink themselves that it was not the business of the Council to do anything of the kind; and in putting the question of urgency to the vote, instead of settling it by his own authority, he gave them time to consider whether they were justified in what they were about. Justification, however, was not the one thing needful for the occasion; a "snatch vote" was; and urgency was voted by forty-nine to thirty. Accustomed as he is to the peculiarities of the dominant faction in the Council, it is possible that Lord ROSEBURY hoped for better things. Disappointed no doubt he was; for, instead of proceeding upon this graceless vote, he pleaded for the postponement of the whole matter. He pointed out that a strong minority of two-fifths resented Sir THOMAS FARRER's precipitancy; he urged that the proposed discussion could be finished in ample time for all purposes if it were taken on Tuesday next; and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK seems to have spoken in support of these moderate representations. But no. Sir THOMAS FARRER could admit that his motion wore a certain aspect of irregularity; there are indications that he was sensible of something not quite respectable about it; but then the blessed chance of pulling the thing through at once, to the surprise of the Opposition! Besides, deliberation would look like dubiety. "He should be extremely sorry that the opinion of the Council should lose weight 'by being postponed,' as it probably will; and, moreover, he wished to set up the action of the London County Council as an example to similar corporations. Earl COMPTON was of the same mind; and both gentlemen can be easily understood. Postpone the vote, and it will not be the same thing at all; far less will it be like 'a bolt from the blue.'" However, the Chairman had been thinking while Sir THOMAS and the Earl had been arguing, and he now came to an unexpected but a just and wise conclusion. If he has any authority at all to spoil the game of vote-snatching, duty to the Council as a whole enjoins him to exercise it. This consideration Lord ROSEBURY pondered awhile, and then declared that, the urgency vote notwithstanding, he should rule that the motion be taken on Tuesday. "Anything was better than a snatch vote"; especially, we may add, with Lord ROSEBURY's thought if not with Lord ROSEBURY's voice, when a Council formally takes into consideration what it has no business to consider. It appears from one report of the meeting that "the majority" of the members appeared to be somewhat disconcerted "by the summary dismissal of the subject"; and when Mr. CHARRINGTON rose "in an excited manner" to protest against this interference on behalf of fair play and moderation, some other gentlemen became excited too. Happily, however, they allowed themselves to be appeased.

The Council meeting of Tuesday next promises to be uncommonly interesting. It would be well if arrangements could be made beforehand for some understanding of what Sir THOMAS FARRER means by "the invidious position" in which the London County Council will be placed if the compensation clauses of the Local Taxation Bill become law. If these clauses become law, the position of the Council will be that of a Vestry Board which is required to carry out the instructions of the Legislature by those clauses conveyed. How, why, and in what sense does that position become invidious? and what does the invidiousness—such as it may be—matter? And what is it to the London County Council if Parliament does confirm the claims of the holders of public-house licences? When did legislation become the care of a parochial body established for administrative purposes alone? Is the President of the Council right or wrong in the opinion that it should abstain from meddling with current politics as a partisan association, which it is not by the terms of its constitution? If we had a direct vote, in full Council, on a few points like these, it would be of some assistance to us when we come to the election of M.L.C.C.'s a year or two hence.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

IT may have been a year ago or rather more that a true anecdote of how the officers engaged in the collection of Income-tax under Schedule D. attempt to get the poor into their net was told in these columns. It now has a sequel. Mr. GOSCHEN's attention is particularly invited to it, and it is hoped that he and all Income-tax payers will bear carefully in mind the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's reiterated denial that any especial pressure has been lately exercised in the assessment and collection of this most oppressive tax, and his recent boast that he was entitled to great credit for having abstained from re-imposing the two extra pennies added to it by the incompetence and extravagance of Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

It has already been told how a person occupying a situation in service, and paying Income-tax, had died; how his successor in the situation, whether from lack of private resources or from not having succeeded to the same salary, was not liable to pay Income-tax; and how the officers of the Inland Revenue demanded from the new servant the same amount in respect of Income-tax which the deceased servant had been accustomed to pay. On that occasion the new servant, acting under advice, took those notices to the place from whence they came, and explained the circumstances. The officer to whom he appealed eventually admitted that the demand was absolutely baseless, and orally undertook that he should not be troubled again. In course of time, however, the demand was repeated, and culminated in a peremptory notice from a Surveyor of Taxes, demanding payment of the amount "within seven days" (in heavy type) to a specified collector. The servant then went to see the collector, and explained and objected. The answer he obtained was that he must now pay, and that if he could recover the amount afterwards—which the collector frankly admitted that he would be entitled to do—so much the better for him, and that if not, he must leave his private address (the notices having been sent to offices where he is employed). The servant did not pay—it is to be hoped that he will not—and did leave his address. A few weeks later he received, for the first time in his life, the ordinary form of notice under Schedule D, requiring him to state his income, and whether he was entitled to exemption or abatement.

Let Mr. GOSCHEN observe what this amounts to. A man who may or may not be intelligent, but who presumably has not had the advantage of a first-class education, and who cannot have, except as an amateur, any technical knowledge of law, is ordered to pay an impost, of an amount considerable to him, when he knows (having taken advice) that he is not justly liable to pay a farthing of it, and when the collector knows the same thing as well as he does, and has candidly admitted that he knows it. Both parties know that the demand is the result only of the wilful stupidity of somebody in the employ of the Inland Revenue. Yet the private person is ordered to pay, and the order is enforced by a scarcely veiled threat of distraining upon his property. It is only after his definite refusal to submit that he receives that application for a statement of his income which he ought to have had to begin with. This is neither more nor less than official extortion, and the public officer ultimately responsible for it is the officer at the head of the Department, and that is Mr. GOSCHEN.

LICENSING.

WITH that absence of party spirit which Mr. BRYCE, assuming a virtue for the Opposition though they had it not, commended in the House of Commons, as it appeared, on Monday and Tuesday evening, we are prepared to allow that the Ministry is under some obligation to Mr. CAINE for the nature of his attack on the Licensing clauses of the Local Taxation Bill. He has so opposed a piece of legislation which is on the face of it superfluous, and may with confidence be predicted to be destined to be futile, as to supply an avowable reason for bringing it in. The Ministry, we have convinced ourselves after some consideration, had come to the decision that, in view of the much loose morality taught in these times by precept and example, it was desirable to induce the House of Commons again to affirm the excellent rule that no man's property shall be taken from him without compensation, save in those cases in which the taking is of the nature of a fine for offences proved to the satisfaction of a competent

authority to have been committed. Also, it doubtless seemed well to them that the House should say once more in explicit terms that, whatever a man can sell and whatever he pays probate on may be considered as property. They thought it worth while to get a reaffirmation of old decisions on these points, and Mr. CAINE has done his best to show they were right. He has made it clearer than it was before that a very active party in this country is prepared to rob any one whom it dislikes for reasons of its own. Perhaps for so good an object it was worth while even to talk the cant which has been abundantly poured out on the side of sound principles in this case. It has been thought necessary to counterbalance—or is it to smother?—the cant on the other side by copious talk about the evils which flow from drink, the mother of crime. Everywhere it is taken for granted that human wrongdoing is an egg laid by the owl Drunkenness. To us this seems a large assumption. There are at least many plausible reasons for maintaining that the said owl, together with many obscene birds of the night, comes from the egg Human Depravity. Man, we are inclined to believe, is not criminal because he is drunken (for there is a drunkenness which is profuse in affection and the noblest sentiments), but is drunken in the malignant form because he is criminal. But the precedence of the egg and the owl is notoriously difficult to settle. The canters may be left to cant for it and against it, as it is their nature to.

The excuse which we have, not without satisfaction, found for the introduction of the clauses appears to be the only valid one the more they are examined. Their object, we are told, is to promote the "cause of temperance" at the expense of the publicans. This object is to be effected by yearly setting aside, in the hands of the County Councils, a sum of money equal to some fraction of one per cent. on the capital sunk in the liquor traffic for the purchase, in open market, of the goodwill of public-houses; which sum is to be paid out of the proceeds of a new tax on spirits, and so borne by the publicans. Now we will undertake to prove, to the satisfaction of every human being who can reason, first, that the cause of temperance cannot be promoted in this way; secondly, that it will not be the publicans who will pay; and, thirdly, that the funds which are to be devoted to the cause of temperance can only be obtained by the promotion of the habit of spirit-drinking. The County Councils will be authorized to spend a small sum yearly on buying up public-houses—which means that they will be called upon to spend, and spent it will be. The publican will not, however, be compelled to sell, and every one knows what follows when there is on one side a buyer who must buy, and on the other a seller who need not sell. Up will go the prices, and as the sum to be outlaid is fixed by rigid limits, and the demands of the publican may range sky high, very few public-houses will be bought out—and the "cause of temperance" will be no better off than it was before. As for our second proposition, it ought, we think, to be self-evidently true. The notion that the publicans will bear the new tax is worthy of the economists who think that you can put a duty on corn which will raise the selling price for the farmer without increasing the cost price of flour to the baker, and so sending up the price of the loaf. Moreover, it is to be observed that in just so far as the action of these clauses does limit the number of public-houses, it will by diminishing competition enable those which escape to send up their prices. Therefore, as in all such cases, the consumer will pay in the long run. It may be answered that it is a good thing to make the consumer pay more, for the increase of price will induce him to buy less. As regards the already sober man, increased cost may have that effect. He buys his spirits out of what remains after providing decently for himself, his family, and the rainy day. But the sot who thinks nothing else attainable so much worth having as a skinful will not be deterred. He will only let the backs and sides of his family go barer than before, in order that his belly may take its fill of things greatly inferior to jolly good ale and old, whereby there will be more squalor, not less, and, as usual, the sober man will suffer that the drunkard may not be benefited. Our third proposition needs even less proof than the first and second. It is obvious that, if there is a fall in the consumption of spirits, the revenue will go down too, and the money to be applied to the extinction of public-houses will disappear.

The Temperance party would not be what it is if it criticized the Bill on such grounds as these. In fact, if all

men could reason there would be no Temperance party at all. Its members have been true to their standard, and have applied themselves to asserting that the Bill gives the publican a claim to compensation in all cases, creates a vested interest, and confers a property which did not exist before. Their case is, that because Mr. RITCHIE's measure provides that when a publican, who has not offended against the law, is expropriated in the supposed interests of morality, he shall not be deprived of what he could sell, what his children could inherit, and would be required to pay probate on; therefore the Bill deprives us of the power of taking away the licence of a publican who has offended, as a punishment. The contention is ridiculous. When the equitable claim to compensation of officers who had purchased commissions was recognised on the abolition of purchase, nobody supposed that the QUEEN had lost the power of breaking an officer who offended against the Articles of War. What one is compelled to call argument of this kind is manifestly dictated by the merely bigoted hatred of a particular class of tradesmen, of which Mr. CAINE has been the spokesman, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, in his abject eagerness to atone by sycophancy to every fad for one hour of independence, has made himself the echo. Mr. CAINE has complained that he has been accused of a disposition to sacrifice every other part of his principles to his Temperance zeal. He claims the freedom to do what he thinks right. It is a freedom which no honest man will part with, and nobody blames Mr. CAINE for keeping it. The accusation against him is, that his notion of what is right is the notion of a bigot, who is incapable of estimating the relative importance of things. Such a man is untrustworthy—not as the race of BUBB DODINGTON is, no doubt, but for reasons equally valid, if more respectable. He is even less trustworthy; for you can buy that "pitiful scrub," the professional politician, by mere money and place—whereas the bigot is only to be bought by infinitely mischievous surrender to his bigotry, and not always even so, for he is of the race of those who wish to use and not be used. There lies in the truth of which Mr. CAINE has reminded them a lesson not quite unneeded by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. It is that you cannot by half-hearted concessions, by little manœuvres, by flummery, and canting of his cant, disarm the bigot. You only weaken your own position and whet his appetite for more. The only safe course with him is to have principles of your own (wanting them you are only so many BUBB DODINGTONS), to avow them and fight for them like men, and let him do his worst. The speeches of the last night of the debate, and notably Mr. GLADSTONE's, should further convince them that the votes of the Opposition and the sophistry of its leader are at the service of every bigot if only the Ministry can be thereby hampered. Why, then, intermeddle with the bigot's fads, why give him his chance, why add the teetotaler to the political Dissenter and professional Irish patriot who are already blocking the way? We do not know that there is anything further to say of this same third night—for of what interest is it to point out that Mr. GLADSTONE ate his words, threw over his principles, and quibbled out of his promises with more or less dexterity than usual?

CRIMINAL APPEAL.

SIR HENRY JAMES'S Bill for establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal has now been printed, and will provide Parliament with more matter for intelligent discussion than it can be confidently hoped that Parliament—or, at any rate, the House of Commons—will intelligently discuss. Its general effect is to establish a Court, to be called the Court of Criminal Appeal, of which the judges are to be the judges of the High Court and the Court of Appeal, "with the exception of the Lord Chancellor." It may sit in two or more divisions, each consisting of not more than seven or less than three judges. The Bill abolishes the present Court for Crown Cases Reserved (by repealing 11 & 12 Vict. c. 78), and provides for the performance of its present functions by the new Court, with an appeal by leave, in questions of law, to the House of Lords. These are not important innovations, and the interest of the Bill at present lies in the new appeals which it proposes to create.

Every person convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to death is to be entitled to send to the Master of the

Crown Office, within seven days after his sentence, a written statement "setting forth the ground of his appeal," and thereupon the Court is to be summoned and to sit as soon as conveniently may be, if possible within twenty-one days. The Court is to have power to quash the "indictment and the proceedings thereon," or to enter a verdict of Not Guilty, if it is made to appear to them that the proceedings were technically irregular, or that the judge ought to have withdrawn the case from the jury. If they think that "the verdict was against the evidence or was not founded on sufficient evidence," or that there was misreception or misrejection of evidence to the prisoner's prejudice, or that the jury were misdirected in law, or that there was a miscarriage of justice owing to some informality in the trial, "or the non-production of evidence," whether known or not to the defendant at the time of "trial," they may order a new trial; but a second new trial is not to be ordered on the ground of non-production of evidence known to the defendant. It will be observed that the important provision here is the power to award a new trial because the verdict was "not founded on sufficient evidence." The idea of a capital conviction "against the evidence," in the accepted sense of those words—namely, that no reasonable men could possibly have found such a verdict unless they were perversely determined to find it—is so remote that it is not worth while to alter the law on that account. All the other events are practically provided for already, because in cases of murder judges and prosecuting counsel are always ready enough, and defending counsel more than ready enough, to raise legal questions for the prisoner's benefit, and reserve cases upon them if necessary. Still, the method of new trial is more satisfactory in these cases for the ends of justice, though considerably less satisfactory to the prisoner, than the existing plan whereby the irregularly tried convict, instead of being tried over again regularly, is allowed to go free and cannot be tried again. The proposed new trial on the ground that the verdict "was not founded on sufficient evidence" is new and important, because all the convicted murderers who want to appeal under this Act will be able to allege this ground of appeal, and the strong probability is that the great majority of them will not be able to allege any other. This is, in fact, almost the only passage in the Bill which will have any interest for the general public. All the rest consists of technical re-arrangements of a rather technical branch of the law, on the whole, it seems, for the better, though perhaps not to the advantage of convicted persons.

LABOUR DEMONSTRATIONS.

THE Labour Demonstrations which are now a stock part of the day's news continue to be made at home and abroad. Here they still take the form of peaceful demonstrations; but in several parts of Europe they seem to be generally either what may be called contentious strikes—meaning strikes meant to cow the employers, and not only to raise wages—or riots pure and simple. The strike of the Hamburg gas-workers is, as far as we have been informed, purely of the contentious order. It does not appear that the men had made any complaint or demand. Yet they struck suddenly, leaving the town in darkness. Such a step must have been directed by some knot of wire-pullers, probably of Socialistic opinions, and is a very speaking example of their reckless selfishness, as well as their folly. It ought to be a warning to Hamburg and to other German towns to organize the work in these establishments so as to protect themselves from such surprises in future. From the fact that the gas-workers were able to go suddenly without subjecting themselves to any penalties for breach of contract, it would appear that they are not bound to give any warning. The Germans may learn from our example in that respect, and in particular from Mr. LIVESSEY, who has just written to explain how his Company has been able both to keep its promise to take back its old workmen when it had a vacancy, and has also been able to refuse to accept members of the Union, which has threatened to call out its men in future at a moment's notice. It is found that, when the men have to choose between the Union which has brought them to destitution and the Company, they uniformly prefer the Company. Gas-works in Germany may provide themselves also with means to deal with their enemy. In any case they and the community they serve must see that they have a thoroughly

unscrupulous enemy to deal with. The disturbance at Bilbao has been apparently a riot pure and simple, and has been dealt with in the only possible way—namely, by volleys fired into the thick of the crowd. In this case the natural, inextinguishable hatred of the Basques for all strangers, and in especial for the soldiers of other parts of Spain, has possibly much to do with the violence shown.

Our own milder version of this unrest does not vary in its symptoms. Last Sunday's meeting in Hyde Park was a repetition of the meeting of the previous Sunday on a smaller scale. The same speakers spoke to a similar audience and said the same things. It has become common form with workmen to demonstrate on Sunday afternoon, and part of the game that the old-established favourites should go through their well-known parts. The railway hands are more likely than most workmen to have a claim for shorter hours. Companies—the least prosperous among them, at any rate—have often committed the gross mistake (for it is a mistake as well as something worse) of exacting excessive hours of work from their men. The records of railway accidents—the horrible smash at Thorpe among them—are in existence to show with what results. Experience has convinced them that this form of penny-wise economy is ruinous, and there has been great improvement. It is still, however, true that the hours of duty are sometimes very long. The hands may reasonably ask to have them shortened—to say nothing of the fact that, while the day's work is shortening all over the country, it is not to be expected that railway servants will abstain from endeavouring to share in the common luck. As it is a firm belief among workmen that a demonstration does help them, they naturally demonstrate. It may appear to be a mistake of theirs that anything is to be gained by listening to Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM spouting wild words, to Mrs. AVELING shrilling from a cart, and Mr. JOHN BURNS repeating himself for the thousandth time. On the other hand, many of them have never heard these conspicuous persons, and went therefore as they might have gone to the thousandth performance of his well-known part by this or the other well-graced actor. It is, to be sure, time that one of the three were modifying his rôle if he does not mean to remain for good in the lower walks of the profession with the other two. Mr. JOHN BURNS has done just enough to put himself in this position, that, if he does not go on, he will be seen to be visibly going back. By going on we mean that he must do more than repeat the rant, very effective from a cart, of course, which has been the staple of his oratory hitherto. He must begin to argue and to take his stand where there will be more to face than a responsive audience and a fogleman. It is a bad sign that Mr. BURNS has lately shrunk from an opportunity to do this after challenging it himself. To provoke Mr. BRADLAUGH to battle and then to run away was both injudicious and cowardly. After all, we say again, if Mr. BURNS is not going to hunt in couples with Mrs. AVELING for ever, he must be prepared to face Mr. BRADLAUGH where he will not have a responsive crowd to supply the want of argument, and more will be needed than mere repetition of the loud threatening we heard before the memorable failure of the strike on the wharves.

MR. HARRY FURNISS ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE vigorous style of Mr. HARRY FURNISS's impeachment of the Royal Academy—*Royal Academy Antics* (Cassell & Co.)—and the charming drollery with which he has illustrated his theme, may prevent many good folk from perceiving that it is a little too sweeping, and in some respects unreasonable. Mr. FURNISS's historical retrospect is very diverting. The story of the "Royal Instrument," the base conspiracy from which the Royal Academy proceeded, these and other episodes of our art's foundation, though not now told for the first time, are set forth with freshness and humour. Even an Academician may laugh at the delightful drawings of the four alien conspirators and the triumph of WEST, and be the better for the diversion. But when Mr. FURNISS, in that pursuit of first causes which is the bane of modern critics, fastens upon Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and scolds him consumedly as the father of all the ills that "outsiders" are afflicted with, he is neither just nor amusing. Poor Sir JOSHUA! The satirical Mr. FURNISS has limned him kneeling beneath the royal accolade,

his worthy features wreathed with the cunning smile of a successful intriguer. It appears, thus, that it is to his knighthood that we owe the fact, if it be a fact, that our art history has enjoyed a progress "whose chief direction" "has been in a backward direction." But is it true that the Royal Academy in one hundred and twenty years has done nothing for art? We are not aware that a single competent critic of the day has asserted so much—Mr. FURNISS excepted. Possibly, as a popular lecturer, he feels the necessity of good, true democratic methods of persuasion. He can find no good thing to say of the institution. The Royal Academy is a corrupt corporation, a bad old body; this is what Mr. FURNISS says in effect. He does not come forward merely as a reformer; and here lies the weakness of his position. He would sweep the old establishment away, and replace it by a State-controlled National Academy—a kind of artistic Commonwealth, presided over by a Minister of Fine Arts. This remedial suggestion is obviously born of despair. Mr. FURNISS does not believe that the Royal Academy is desirous of mitigating grievances or reforming evils of which he complains. History teaches him to put no faith in Royal Commissions. Then he is led to the extreme advocacy of abolishing the old institution, and supplanting it by a new and entirely virtuous Academy, the ideal scope of which he depicts in very roseate hues.

Mr. FURNISS's National Academy is really too beautiful for this world. Is it conceivable, for example, that under the new Academic reign we shall never more be grieved by the mockery of "good work rejected for want of space"? Will there be no Committee of Selection, as under the bad present rule? and will there be no court of appeal in the public conscience of the Minister? We doubt exceedingly whether in the promised Golden Age, when Royal Academicians shall cease to trouble, there will be the slightest diminution of the number or the faintest alleviation of the anguish of the rejected. Mr. FURNISS's drawing, "Rejected for Want of Space," will still have its stern application. That pathetic drawing shows the outstretched form of the disconsolate artist, the weeping wife and children in the corner, the rejected canvases piled against the wall in disgrace. It is a touching picture. But there is a mistake in the title. It should have been, or we have misread Mr. FURNISS's long invective, "Good work rejected by a corrupt, 'selfish clique.'" And who is to decide, when artists disagree, as to what is good work? The critics do not even accord on the subject of the encouragement of art, the best art of the year, by the administration of the CHANTREY Fund. Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE appears to think that art is encouraged when Royal Academicians purchase their own works with the CHANTREY bequest. They certainly might have done much worse this year. In the past, decidedly, they have done very much worse. When we consider the more solid, the more reasonable grievances advanced by Mr. FURNISS, we willingly admit, as we have repeatedly argued from year to year, that they are palpable evils that may and ought to be reformed or abolished. That water-colour artists and designers in black and white are not eligible for election into the Academic body is the most conspicuous ground of complaint. At the same time, so far as water-colour art is concerned, the complaint has much less cogency now than once it had. The old Society and the Institute have done more for water-colour art than a mixed exhibition of paintings and water-colour drawings could accomplish. It is difficult to see what additional *prestige* could be gained for English water-colours if the Royal Academy should concede one-third or half of its galleries to the exposition of what Mr. FURNISS accurately calls "the national fine art." It is rather remarkable that Mr. FURNISS should write composedly of "my claims for 'reform'" in a book that is made up of undiluted denunciations of the Royal Academy, their teaching, their history, their example, and all things that are theirs. Perhaps, after all, Mr. FURNISS really has at heart their reform, and, following an old political device, he calls more loudly than he need for rather more than he or any other man expects to realize.

THE BEHEADING OF CHARLES I.

THE necessity of revising a long-held belief on any subject is always an unpleasant one; but it is of course the more distasteful when the belief in question is endeared to the holder by a strength of sentimental association disproportioned to that of its argumentative claims. Hence

we cannot wonder that Mr. REGINALD PALGRAVE's theory of the attitude in which CHARLES I. met his death on the scaffold should have given a certain shock to a certain number of sensitive minds. The letter to the *Times* in which Lord CARNARVON disputed, or rather—for it was not so much an argument as a cry of remonstrance—protested, against Mr. PALGRAVE's conclusion, is eminently illustrative of the disturbing effects which it has produced. Lord CARNARVON begins his letter by objecting to the theory on the ground that it is "apparently based upon the doubtful 'use of the word 'lying' in two or three instances"; and he goes on to support his own view by quoting ANDREW MARVELL's well-known lines, which he cannot allege to throw any light on the question, and citing the report of the Venetian Ambassador, GIOVANNI SAGREDO, with the admission that "it neither impairs nor confirms Mr. 'PALGRAVE's theory.' It is obvious to inquire, therefore, what are Lord CARNARVON's grounds for withholding his belief from it. If he can only remind us that the Puritan poet said of the Royal Martyr that he "bowed his 'comely head down as upon a bed" (which to a poetic mind says nothing as to the KING's attitude, and to a prosaic mind like that of Mr. J. PARKER SMITH testifies on Mr. PALGRAVE's side), and can only add to that that an apparatus of iron rings and cords was provided to compel the KING to "extend his neck to the axe," "should he refuse to bend his neck to the fatal blow," it is very hard to explain—we mean on rational grounds; on sentimental grounds it is, of course, easy enough—his refusal to believe that CHARLES I. was beheaded, not in the kneeling, but in the prone, position. For our own part, we confess that the evidence in favour of that view appears to us conclusive. Lord CARNARVON talks about the "doubtful use of the word 'lying' in two or three 'instances.'" The instances are at least five in number, being those of the KING himself, of the Duke of SOMERSET, of Lady JANE GREY, of the Duke of HAMILTON, and of ARTHUR, Lord CAPEL; and it is not the word "lying" alone which is in question, but the phrases "laid himself 'down,'" "laid himself along," and "stretched forth her 'body.'" And we should certainly hold these multiplied proofs to be sufficient for Mr. PALGRAVE's theory without the confirmation given to it by the Dutch picture of STRAFFORD's execution, and the picture in Lord ROSEBURY's possession at Dalmeny, which last piece of evidence seems to us absolutely final.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

THE Royal Literary Fund, to which HER MAJESTY annually contributes a hundred pounds, was fortunate enough to secure the services of the Heir to the Throne as Chairman of its centenary dinner on Wednesday night. Everybody knows the eloquent diatribe in which MACAULAY declaimed against all funds and institutions of this kind. They must be wrong, he argued, because they turned good clerks into bad writers, and because it is a cruel form of kindness to encourage literary aspirations which are doomed to disappointment. Everybody also knows, thanks to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, how ill MACAULAY's practice squared with his theory, and how many a poor author, whose obscurity is no reproach to the public, was unostentatiously relieved in his distress by the man who held that literature should be independent of adventitious aids. As if only bad authors were poor! As if immortal services to the intellectual history of mankind had always kept the wolf from the door! Happily there are exceptions. For Lord MACAULAY, as for Lord TENNYSON, literature, or mixed literature and politics, meant fortune as well as fame. The notoriety of the exceptions proves the existence of the rule. BURNS the exciseman and WORDSWORTH the collector of stamps, RICHARDSON the shopkeeper and FIELDING the police magistrate, show as clearly as, if less lamentably than, SPENSER and OTWAY, and SAVAGE and SHERIDAN, that literature, if a good staff, is a bad crutch. When Sir WALTER SCOTT was struggling in grief and loneliness with the difficulties and embarrassments recorded in the most manly and pathetic of all journals, Lord DUDLEY remarked, with truth and point, that if every one who had obtained a month's enjoyment from the *Waverley Novels* would subscribe sixpence, the greatest man in Scotland would be also the richest man in the world. When the Pension List was recently published, some critics affected horror at the discovery that the Poet

Laureate, who had been for half a century the pride of all Englishmen, was still in the receipt of a small annuity from the public purse. Forgetting, or not knowing, that the sum, if relinquished, would fall, not into the lap of some struggling writer, but into the capacious bosom of the Exchequer, these ungracious disciples of MOMUS complained that imperishable verse was rewarded by the fifth or sixth part of an Under-Secretary's salary. It may be that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song," and that official neglect of letters has stimulated rather than quenched the celestial fire. Men of genius are a class apart, none the less separate from their fellows because the line which distinguishes them is not always visible. But there is much good work done by men and women of talent, judgment, and ability, actuated by ordinary human motives, and neither above nor below the ordinary human standard. Much of that work is miserably paid, none of it realizes anything like the profits of a good business, of a large legal or medical practice. The Royal Literary Fund keeps its secrets as jealously as any priest guards the sanctity of the confessional. But occasionally the gratitude of the recipient speaks when there is no longer any question of favours to come; and it was CHATEAUBRIAND himself who proclaimed that the "genius of Christianity" owed something to the foundation of old DAVID WILLIAMS. The PRINCE OF WALES, in his kindly and sensible speech, was permitted to acknowledge the receipt of welcome grants by the families of Mr. R. A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, and Mr. J. G. WOOD, the naturalist. Neither of these gentlemen had any connexion with genius. But both were useful labourers in important fields of science, and both would have left far larger personal estates behind them if they had devoted their energies to boiling soap or to distilling gin.

The PRINCE naturally quoted from that striking, though not original, piece of declamatory verse which the great scholar and talker of London borrowed from the great poet and satirist of Rome. Too seldom do we see "nations 'slowly wise and meanly just To buried merit raise the 'tardy bust.'" The spectacle described by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS in plain prose is more frequent and familiar. "When a family is about to economize it begins by buying 'no more books. It is so much easier to retrench in that 'direction than in any other.'" An eminent living statesman, referring to a sick man who cared little for the things of the mind, observed in a tone of horror, "Why, I don't 'believe he spends a hundred a year on books.'" There was a rather awkward pause, and somebody abruptly changed the subject. Most people think they have done enough for an author when, after borrowing his work, they pay it the tribute of a civil and partially intelligent encomium. Rarely, indeed, do they send a large order to the publisher, and present a copy to every friend who is perfectly certain not to buy one for himself. Hence the necessity—in some respects the odious necessity—for a Literary Fund. It was announced on Wednesday night by Lord DERBY, a genuine lover of books, who presides over the Society with credit and distinction, that the presence of the PRINCE OF WALES, which has a "solid vally," made the annual festival of 1890 the most financially successful of the secular series. But in the language of figures this means that the richest country in the world could find four thousand pounds, "be 'the sum more or less," for the support of a calling which millions of comfortable people profess to regard with profound admiration. The House of Representatives at Washington, to whose conduct Mr. JOHN MORLEY made a just and spirited allusion, has recently affirmed the proposition that those who have brains are fit food for those who have none. Yet one of their own poets has said

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

In America the unfortunate author is robbed. In England he is only left to himself, while dark stories are told of his revelling in the luxuries of pictures and champagne. Mr. MORLEY expressed a doubt whether there were fifty, or even twenty, men and women earning a livelihood by writing books not in *usum scholarum*. Mr. MORLEY has some opportunities of knowing, and he would not speak lightly on such a subject. If he includes novelists, his figures seem rather low. But, in any case, as compared with the number who try and fail, those who succeed are deplorably few.

The Bishop of Ripon, who proposed the formidable toast

of "Literature," ran, if we may employ a humble simile, his paints into a puddle. The colours of the episcopal rhetoric are vivid, some might say glaring, enough. But the general effect is, to put it mildly, kaleidoscopic, and rather dazzling than satisfactory. When we find "such works as *Gray's Elegy*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *In Memoriam*, *The Idylls of the King*, *The Light of Asia*, and *The Earthly Paradise*," jumbled together as proofs that "the literature and language of the country have been enriched since the time of EDMUND BURKE," one feels inclined, like St. PAUL's captain, to cast four anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day. It is rather odd to be told that GRAY belonged to a later age than BURKE, and Lord TENNYSON may possibly not feel flattered to find himself bracketed with his companions. At a literary dinner it is a mistake to be erudite or to assume universal information on the part of the guests. But chronological tables may sometimes be consulted with advantage, even by bishops, and the fashionable craze for Buddhism, which seems to linger among the higher clergy after its abandonment by the lower laity, should not make us believe that to celebrate BUDDHA is to be a great poet. Instead of ranking DAISY MILLER with Mrs. POYSER, and John Inglesant with Waverley, the Bishop might more profitably have inquired whether scholarship is destined to disappear from public life. Dr. JOHNSON's scholar, who moves through the world without pomp or terror, recognized only by those like himself, has never been at home on a platform or in the House of Commons. Modern democracy, unlike ancient, seems to care little even for the more obvious and superficial scholarship of tags, quotations, and turns of style. It has been said that no one except Mr. GLADSTONE would venture to cite LUCRETIVUS in the House of Commons, and not very long since an Irish member described himself in that assembly as "an *alumni*" of a University which shall be nameless. But, on the other hand, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who reads the classics, ventured a few weeks ago, with apparent success, upon the hazardous experiment of favouring a mass meeting of his constituents with a couplet from JUVENAL. It is true that he furnished them also with a translation, which, as somebody said, was "as bare as a BOHN." It remains the fact that JUVENAL was applauded at Derby, as he was probably never applauded at Aquinum. The House of Commons is supposed to contain illustrious authors in some profusion, and those who return thanks for its health on literary or quasi-literary occasions are accustomed to give "a few names by way of example." But the names are so invariably the same that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. BRYCE must begin to wish that Sir HERBERT MAXWELL would write another novel, that Mr. BALFOUR would defend unphilosophic doubt, or Mr. HOWARTH again take up the tale of the world before the flood.

Mr. MORLEY's comments upon contemporary journalism have the advantage of proceeding from a distinguished journalist who has twice responded for literature within the space of a fortnight. It would perhaps be a caricature of his speech, or part of it, to say that he defines journalism as the supply and demand of marketable mediocrity. If a former editor might be expected to say rather more than Mr. MORLEY did for his old craft, Mr. MORLEY did not fall into the vulgar error of depreciating a pursuit which he followed so long. "We have now in England," he said, "a journalism of the highest kind, a vivacity, an industry, and, I will even say, a conscientiousness, which has never before been seen in journalism." Journalists are quite as conscientious as politicians, and have not so much temptation to change their opinions. Mr. MORLEY, as might have been assumed, and as he made clear in his Academy speech, hates the tricks of the poster and the headline, the abusive epithets in big capitals, and the slang, without wit or sense, of which contemporary journalism of a certain kind is made up. The public taste, which is much better than some practitioners upon it suppose, will put an end to this sort of thing in the course of time. As to the coinage of new words, upon which the Bishop of Ripon waxed satirical, there can be no objection to the process, provided always that it is gradual, based upon proper principles, and in accordance with popular usage. The worst vice of journalism, as of politics and literature, is ignorance. In the rush and glare of public events, the most conscientious and competent journalist must sometimes write on subjects of which his knowledge is general rather than particular. In that case he must avoid

particulars, and confine himself to generalities. But there is in journalism, not so much in this or that paper as in portions of nearly all papers, a want of acquaintance with history, with literature, with politics, with law, with life, which is really discreditable. It is seen not merely in vices of style or even faults of spelling. Such monstrosities as "the landlord dined them, but refused to sleep them," "little is known of what transpired," to say nothing of double, or even treble, genitives, and words transposed into nonsense, are apparently past praying against. There are more serious errors than these, which spring from unsupplied defects in education, or from the prevalent habit of going about the world with blind eyes and deaf ears. It is strange that in an era of examinations no one has proposed a pass examination for the instructors of the public.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY.

OF all the proofs that the number thirteen is unlucky, none are better than the history of the 13th Article of the Treaty of Utrecht. It was that fatal Article which recognized the fishery rights of the French in Newfoundland, and has been the source of a wretched chronic nuisance. Our whole dealing with the fisheries on the North-West coast of America has been marked by the utmost weakness and ignorance, for which—since the gods are just—we suffer. We chose, mainly from laziness, to allow the United States and France to retain rights and claims we should never have recognized. We suffer for it accordingly. Of the two mistakes, the Newfoundland one was the least excusable. When the final settlement was made in 1815, we had every reason to know what sort of neighbours the French had been to us in America. During the better part of a century we had found them wriggling, claiming, bouncing, intruding, and swaggering. We knew, or ought to have known, that if you allow a Frenchman to come to a strictly limited piece of coast, catch fish off it, and erect wooden buildings for the purpose of drying the catch—on the distinct understanding that he was only to stay for the season—he was just the sort of person to begin catching lobsters, to erect stone buildings for the purpose of tinning them, and to stay all the year; but when we had the power to do it we did not declare that miserable 13th Article waste paper. So the Newfoundland Fishery dispute keeps turning up with the fatuous obstinacy of a recurring decimal.

It is turning up again, and has been turning up for some time, in an aggravated form. The Newfoundlanders are very savage, both with us and with the French; and with us mainly on account of the French. We do not wonder at it. There is cause of irritation enough in the bare fact that a part of your coast is given up to foreign fishermen to account for much. A Frenchman, too, is, of all men, the most capable of making the position entirely intolerable. There is about him a brisk insolence, a smirking satisfaction with himself, a jeering pleasure in the exasperation he is causing, which may be amusing to the mere onlooker, but is absolutely maddening to those who have to suffer from him. Nothing is more intelligible than that the Newfoundlanders, finding they are losing, that the Frenchman is, or seems to be, flourishing at their expense, and that we do nothing effectual for them, should be savage. It is, however, by no means equally easy to know what is to be done. The French have rights which they ought not to have; but there they are, established by one treaty and confirmed by others. That the French will make the most of them is certain. But how is that state of things to be altered? The original claim cannot be got rid of without war, which we, and not the Newfoundlanders, should have to fight. As for the incessant irritation caused by the French fishermen, that is the lot of all peaceful people who have the misfortune to have dealings with Frenchmen. They may make their mind up that annoyance will be their daily bread. The only course is to tell that lively people that they shall have just what the letter of the bond gives them and no more—then to stand on watch with the certainty that, if you shut your eyes for the length of an average wink, they will grab at something else. Then you must rap them over the knuckles. It is a nuisance to have to endure such a

burden; but, when a nation has committed itself to it, what is to be done? The worst of it is that at present we seem neither to exercise the vigilance nor to administer the raps. We make a *modus vivendi* which is practically a concession to France, instead of pointing to the bond and keeping her to it. Then the colonists naturally clamour, and we find we have not got the peace we want after all. No doubt we have much to think of besides Newfoundland; but it may be doubted whether we are thinking of it in the right way. There is just a possibility, at least, that it would suit us better in the long run, suit even our love of peace better, to make our minds up to foster the loyalty of our colonies by attending to their interests rather than to strive, by good humour and something more than fair play, to secure the friendship of a nation which is (though it does not know it) constitutionally incapable of behaving decently to its neighbours, except under the influence of fear. A distinct declaration that we mean to do so and so would almost certainly bring about a settlement. As for arbitration, which would infallibly be given against us by an arbitrator who knew that the French would bear him a grudge and we should not, it is an imbecile resource.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

WE observe, with a satisfaction only qualified by the painful feeling which, in the mind of every patriotic Englishman, must have preceded it, that the subscription list which the *St. James's Gazette* deserves the great credit of having opened for the relief of the survivors of the Balaklava Charge is already showing a respectable sum. At the moment of writing it stands, after adding to it Colonel GOURAUD's extremely handsome contribution, at over 1,500*l.*; and there seems now every probability that it will reach the amount asked for by its original promoters. We shall succeed, therefore, in redeeming—at any rate, in the strictly monetary sense of the word—a national disgrace of the most odious description, and shall be able to recall the great feat of arms with which the name of the Light Brigade is imperishably associated, if not without humiliating recollections, at least without what must otherwise have oppressed us—an intolerable sense of shame. That it should have had to be left to voluntary effort and to private solicitude for the national honour to do this work is itself, of course, in a sense discreditable; but fortunately the response which the appeal has met with has been ready and liberal to efface what may be called the personal part of the discredit, and leave only the "official" portion of it, so to say, behind. We are again face to face, in other words, with our old friend "the system"—that author of all abuses and meannesses, alike without fear or shame, and equally ready to endanger the country by supplying a recruit with a soft bayonet or a jamming cartridge, and to dishonour it by allowing a veteran covered with scars in its service to die of hunger. It was this fearless and shameless entity which whispered in the ear of the SECRETARY for WAR the other day when he pleaded, no doubt with perfect truth and plentiful excuse for himself, that he could do nothing officially for the survivors of the Light Brigade without thereby according to those gallant soldiers a preferential treatment which "the system," in the strict impartiality of its neglect, in the large equality of its indifference to elemental considerations of national decency and national gratitude, did not sanction. Mr. STANHOPE's reason why the Department could do nothing specially for the Balaklava heroes is, no doubt, a conclusive pronouncement on the individual case, but only at the cost of an equally conclusive verdict on the military administration which fails to provide for all such cases alike.

MR. CAINE'S AMENDMENT.

MR. CAINE'S Amendment has been defeated by a good round majority—by one indeed which, at any rate on a question of this kind, may be regarded as up to the full Unionist strength. No other result was expected by anybody but those who allow their wits to be bewildered to the point of positive arithmetical confusion by the braying of Gladstonian trumpets. There was nothing either in the nature of the Amendment or in the character of its support to suggest the least danger to the cohesion of the Unionist party; and, as a matter of fact, it never through-

out the debate showed the faintest wavering in its ranks. There is room, we admit, for difference of opinion, both as to the strategy of the Government in introducing the Bill, and as to the tactics of some of the explanations with which they have submitted it to the House; but the substantial question involved in the second reading was not really affected by any mistake—if mistake there were—of this kind. Long before the House decided the issue had been made clear to everybody; and the battle was seen to lie between, on the one hand the party, wherever sitting in the House, who are opposed to confiscation, and those who either long to confiscate because they hate the people who would be plundered, or those, far meaner and more contemptible because greater sinners against the light, who are prepared to abet confiscation because they have something to gain from the would-be confiscators. The former of these two wings of the spoliation party are dispersed about the back benches and below the gangway on the left of the Speaker. The latter occupy the Front Opposition Bench, and are led by the man who has perhaps pronounced the strongest condemnation of the predatory policy which he now favours.

No one, of course, cares to inquire how Mr. CAINE or Sir WILFRID LAWSON justify a plan for urging the Legislature to seize upon property which legislation has recognized and sanctioned in a dozen ways, and to expropriate its owners without compensation. They themselves are their own best excuse; their fanaticism is too monstrous to be anything else than honest; and as to arguing with them, one might as well reason with a Mussulman Dervish on his want of charity in believing that "infidels" are necessarily doomed to perdition. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. CAINE are Mr. CAINE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON—we purposely reverse the order of the names to indicate that when politicians reach that common point of fatuous bigotry to which they have both attained, their individuality as men is practically merged in their identity; and it is not necessary to say any more about them. They speak and vote on a temperance question after their kind. Like LUTHER, they "can no other," and that is their defence; but what justifies also make them uninteresting. Now, Mr. GLADSTONE, though he, to be sure, is Mr. GLADSTONE, which is an explanation of much, is not a fanatic, at least in any cause but one, which nothing shall induce us to mention; and when Mr. GLADSTONE is found on the side of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. CAINE, the arguments whereby he will account for his position are sure to be expected with a certain amount of interest. Disappointment, however, awaited these expectations the other night. Mr. GLADSTONE, for the first time almost within our recollection, appears, if the irreverent expression may be pardoned, to have "funked." We have known him to swallow bigger and stiffer declarations than that which he made in favour of the equitable treatment of the licensed victualler, and to swallow them without so much as a wry face. But he boggled painfully over the process of deglutition the other night, and really we should hardly like to say whether the morsel has "gone down" or not. He has certainly not committed himself definitely to Lawsonian principles, though his ominous reference to the case of SHARP v. WAKEFIELD—interpreted in Lawsonian fashion—seemed to show a disposition that way. He opposed the Bill, however, nominally on its machinery, and not on its principle; and that seems to us an evasion of the duty of evasion which is quite unworthy of the Champion Evasionist.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

I.

ST. ANDREWS.

GOLF has rushed into popularity with almost too great speed. People are learning to play after a fashion on amateur and self-made links all over the country. A park, a few fields, any place where there is grass, is turned into links by the simple process of digging a few irregular holes here and there. The face of nature is examined in the search of "hazards"—trees, whins, brooks, walls, gravel-pits are all made into hazards. The worst of it is that a hazard should be such as a man can play out of, if skilled or fortunate, at one stroke. Many of the improvised difficulties cannot be played out of at all if once you fall into them, and hence comes "lifting the ball," a modern solecism. Again, in those inland links the grass is often so long that no wooden club can be employed. The beginner ploughs his way with a mashe. It is natural that the heart of the neophyte should

turn seawards, to the places where the good links, the only true kind of links, are to be found, with all the pleasure of short grass and all the orthodox perils of bunkers. Without sand-holes or bunkers what is called golf is merely a substitute for golf. It is our purpose, then, to describe the best of the links, old or new, where golf is truly at home in her native seats.

No golfer, if he could help it, would begin anywhere except at the metropolitan city of the game, at St. Andrews. Here the sport has been practised, as documentary evidence shows, since the fifteenth century, behind which stretches the wide prehistoric past. St. Regulus may have heard the cry of "Fore!" in Pictish when he landed with the bones of St. Andrew under Kilrymont. Here the air is full of golf and of golf-balls; here it is thought justifiable homicide if after shouting "Fore!" you chance to hit anybody. No one has any business here who is not a player, and the atmosphere whirs all day with the swing of the club. Here the smallest children display an excellent style; nay, so prevalent is the supple swing that an elderly beginner may be tempted to strive after the grace and elasticity which seem native to the St. Andrews Links. But the old, or even the mature, can never swing with this freedom, and they must moderate their just ambition. The quantity of professional advice is so copious, the quality so frank, that error is rapidly discouraged if the learner minds his tutor. Again, however, St. Andrews is no place for making experiments in except in winter. This is the season when the neophyte should practise on links not crowded and free from Glasgow holiday-makers.

The links occupy a crook-shaped stretch of land, bordered on the east by the sea and on the left by the railway and by the wide estuary of the Eden. The course, out and in, is some two miles and a half in length, either way, allowing for the pursuit of balls not driven quite straight. Few pieces of land have given so much inexpensive pleasure for so many centuries. The first hole is, to some extent, carpeted by grass rather longer and rougher than the rest of the links. On the left lie some new houses and a big hotel; they can only be "hazards" on the outward tack to a very wild driver indeed. On the right, it is just possible to "heel" the ball over heaps of rubbish into the sea-sand. The natural and orthodox hazards are few. Everybody should clear the road from the tee; if he does not, the ruts are tenacious. The second shot should either cross or fall short of the celebrated Swilcan Burn. This tributary of ocean is extremely shallow, and meanders, through stone embankments, hither and thither between the tee and the hole. The number of balls that roll into it, or jump in from the opposite bank or off the old stone foot-bridge is enormous. People "funk" the burn, top their iron shots, and are engulfed. Once you cross it, the hole, whether it be to right or left, is easily approached.

The second hole is guarded near the tee by "the Scholar's Bunker," a sand face which swallows a topped ball. On the right of the course are whins, much scantier now than of old; on the left you may get into long grass, and thence into a very sandy road under a wall—a nasty lie. The hole is sentinelled by two bunkers, and many an approach lights in one or the other. The putting-green is nubbly and difficult. Driving to the third hole, on the left you may alight in the railway, or a straight hit may tumble into one of three little bunkers in a knoll, styled "the Principal's Nose." There are more bunkers lying in wait close to the putting-green. The driver to the fourth hole has to "carry" some low hills or mounds; then comes a bunker that yawns almost across the course, with a small outpost named Sutherland's, which Englishmen profanely desire to fill up. This is impious. The long bunker has a buttress, a disagreeable round knoll; from this to the hole is open country, if you keep to the right, but it is whinny. On the left, bunkers and broken ground stretch, and there is a convenient sepulchre of hope here, and another beyond the hole. As you drive to the fifth hole you may have to clear "hell"; but "hell" is not what it was. The first shot should carry you to the broken spurs of a table-land, the Elysian fields, in which there yawn the Bairdies—deep, narrow, greedy bunkers. Beyond the table-land is a gorge, and beyond it again a beautiful stretch of turf and the putting-green. To the right is plenty of deep bent grass and gorse. This is a long hole, and full of difficulties, the left side near the hole being guarded by irregular and dangerous bunkers. The sixth, or heathery hole, has lost most of its heather, but is a teaser. A heeled ball from the tee drops into the worst whins on the course, in a chaos of steep, difficult hills. A straight ball, topped, falls into "Walkinshaw's grave," or, if very badly topped, into a little spiteful pitfall, which Englishmen, regardless of tradition, clamour to have filled up. It is the usual receptacle of a well-hit second ball on the return journey. Escaping "Walkinshaw's grave," you have a stretch of very broken and rugged country, bunkers on the left, bent grass on the right, before you reach the sixth hole. The next, the High Hole, is often shifted. It is usually placed between a network of bunkers, with rough bent immediately beyond it. The first shot should open the hole, and let you see the uncomfortable district into which you have to play. You may approach from the left, running the ball up a narrow causeway between bunkers; but it is usually attempted from the front. Grief, in any case, is almost unavoidable. At other times the High Hole is on the crest of a dune which commands the estuary of the Eden, and a singularly beautiful series of distances, losing themselves towards the north. Here the object is not to play your approach shot into the middle of the smiling landscape and the waters of the Eden.

As far as the High Hole, or seventh, you play straight along the crook formed by the links. The two last holes are played, as it were, across the handle of the stick, at right angles to its length. The eighth, or short hole, is merely a loft with a cleek, or iron, on to the excellent putting-green. A wide bunker, however, yawns between the tee and the green, and catches a topped ball. With a west wind it is difficult not to overrun the green and fall into grief beyond. The hole has pretty often been done in one, when the player is traditionally supposed to give his caddy a bottle of whisky. Three strokes is the usual figure. The last hole continues in the same line as the eighth, straight back towards St. Andrews and her crown of towers on the sea-cliff. A heeled ball is punished in heather, and there is a vindictive little round bunker almost within putting distance of the hole. In this a famous player, on a medal day, is said to have lost his temper and thirteen strokes!

The homeward route is on the same course, the holes being some thirty yards to the left of the holes played at when going out. Thus the bunkers and other hazards group themselves in new arrangements. For example, at the second hole from home, the wall, the road, and the bunkers make a kind of trilateral fortification, and few have pluck and strength to swipe clean over the corner of the wall. The backward course is, on the whole, more difficult. Mr. Horace Hutchinson "went out" in 37 this spring, but his homeward record was 44. The round will probably be done some day under 70 by some amateur or player doing his very best and enjoying luck. From 78 to 82 are excellent scores, rarely, if ever, achieved on medal days. Mr. Leslie Balfour's 83 last week for the Silver Cross is among the more brilliant records.

St. Andrews is little vexed with trumpy competitions. She has her spring and autumn meetings, and a monthly handicap in the Club. The green is, in some respects, easier than of old, as whins and heather are worn away by plodding feet. On the other hand, "bad lies" are very much more common. Scores of school-boys are for ever whacking the turf, and even good players nowadays cut up "divots" with mechanical regularity. The links have been styled "a noble ruin" by an authority who himself is "a sair saint for the green." The peculiarities of the links are the hardness of the sand, the number of little knolls and valleys, with a frequency of "hanging balls," the width of the course, and the "sporting" character of the putting-greens. The queer round "divots" with which Tom Morris fills up small bald places are very curious and disgusting; so are the small bald places on which he has not exercised his art. "Life is a wale," especially the teeing ground at the seventeenth hole. The beauty of the wide aerial landscape, the delicate tints of sand and low, far-off hills, the distant crest of Lochnagar, the gleaming estuary, and the black cluster of ruined towers above the bay make part of the charm of the St. Andrews Links, but they little affect the golfer. He simply plays on "the Town kirk" or "the College kirk."

THE LICENSE OF NOVELISTS.

I.

WE are inclined to give fiction the utmost freedom in plot, incident, and characters. Though we like lively work, we can submit ourselves with admiring resignation to melancholy tales with tragical *dénouements* in the manner of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. If a clever writer can reconcile it to his *brides* and artistic conscience, we should allow him to attempt the feat of making impossibilities seem probable and extravagances appear real. He may people a mad world of his own imagining with demons and angels, sharply divided. He may introduce the spiritual or supernatural machinery, which seldom works very smoothly, even when put together by a Bulwer—the story of *The Haunted and the Haunters* is an exception—and which is exceedingly likely to break down. But of course he must hazard all that at his own risk, and with the betting very heavily in favour of seeing his clever novel cast aside. Extravagances are one thing and absurdities another, and we are not speaking of those simply trashy tissues of folly by lunatics with no sort of literary vocation, which will not even serve the purpose of soporifics to any girl of discretion who is out of her teens. We think the most permanently popular novels, those which have become the classics or favourites of successive generations, although inspired by the genius of a glowing imagination, will be found to be those which have kept most closely to actualities and to hold up the mirror to veritable persons. We might run off a considerable list by way of illustration—we do not say a very long one, for the number of the writers is necessarily limited. Look at De Foe, and Fielding and Smollett, at Scott and Thackeray, in England, or at Balzac in France, where the realists have been comparatively rare. Among the realistic Frenchmen we do not include the so-called realist *par excellence*, M. Emile Zola, who cynically caricatures social deformities, and generalizes from outrageous monstrosities conceived in his morbid imagination. As for De Foe and the men who followed him, although they may have taken occasional liberties with decency, they seldom indulged in artistic license. It may be said that (with comparatively few exceptions) everything in *Robinson Crusoe* might be demonstrated mathematically, and the writer, as with the instincts of a Scott or a Shakespeare, had got inside his

shipwrecked mariner's mind. So when he publishes the adventures of a Captain Singleton, he can puzzle so shrewd and capable a critic as Scott as to whether the narrative is true or imaginary. So Balzac bent his great genius to drudgery, going into painful and almost wearisome details. We suspect no *avocat* could ever catch him tripping in the law he lays down and expounds so categorically; and he carried the practice of realism to the point of fanaticism, to his own grave pecuniary inconvenience. His staircase would have been less habitually blockaded by duns had he not surrounded himself in his penury with costly carpets and tapestries and *objets de vertu*, that he might inspire himself with the very spirit of the descriptions which are the charm of his Balthazar Claes.

Unquestionably, with the indispensable gift of genius, such careful workmanship must have its reward; but it is so rare that in the wide world of fiction it is scarcely worth taking into account. Most novelists, from the Great Magician of the Borders downwards, are addicted to occasional slips and stumbles which in no degree impair the merit of the work, but merely argue some natural carelessness. Others who belong to the slapdash school betray a supreme contempt for the public, in which they appear to be fully justified, seeing it has in no way affected their popularity. The popular writer is generally extremely prolific; he dashes off his pages with a flying pen, and his scenes shape and arrange themselves intuitively as he goes along, while his characters will transform themselves from his original conceptions. So Scott said that, thanks to the old reiving blood in his veins, his bandits, smugglers, and ruffians would always come to the front, while his maidens and his respectable members of society shrank modestly into the background. When a man is throwing off brilliant romances at fever-heat in electric sympathy with a teeming brain, and with every pulse going metaphorically at the gallop, he cannot be expected to be overcareful, nor, indeed, would that be desirable. Scott is incapable of slovenly blunders; he was too much of the historian to take liberties with dates; and he was far too familiar with the manners and society of the past to perpetrate gross anachronisms as to the scenery and surroundings of his characters. But even Scott not unfrequently forgot himself so far as to make his characters talk with grotesque inconsistency; just, in fact, as the poet, chronicler, or antiquarian might have spoken himself in similar circumstances. Among the many delightful scenes and dialogues in *Ivanhoe*, few are more delightful than that where Wamba and Gurth lie stretched beneath the spreading oaks of Rotherwood discussing Anglo-French philology. We see afterwards, when Cedric made his escape from Torquilstone, that the jester possessed some scraps of learning, and we may pass him his share in the talk. But what can be more absurd than making the Saxon swineherd and thrall, with his leathern shirt and his iron collar, listen appreciatively to such refinements of language as Alderman ox changing to beef, a fiery French gallant, and Mynheer calf becoming Monsieur de Veau? A still stronger example of the same romantic license occurs in the case of Bonthron, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Bonthron is represented as the most bestial type of the rude man-at-arms of a barbarous age. Scott might safely have "pledged his minstrel troth" that there was no spark of poetry in Bonthron's whole composition, as he takes care to account for the somewhat high-flown language of Henry of the Wynd by explaining that the smith was also a "maker" or bard. But Bonthron caps any delicate fancy of the smith's in his poetical ejaculation to the unfortunate Rothsay manacled in the underground dungeon—"Poor woodcock! thou art springed." We might recall sundry other examples of the kind; but these two are, perhaps, the most striking. Then, to strengthen a strong dramatic situation, Scott sometimes takes liberties with facts and incidents. Few men not actually on the Turf or in the livery-stable business knew more about horseflesh, or were more at home in the saddle. He used to follow his greyhounds, on his favourite Brown Adam, over the most breakneck ground; and, as he said himself, when thinking of *Marmion*, he had many a grand gallop among the braes. He makes his Disinherited Knight, in the lists of Ashby, give his enemy, the Templar, a courteous counsel to take a fresh horse for the fierce tilt he was to run with him. The wealthy Templar had chargers of remount at command; but the disinherited son of Cedric had only the single steed he owed to the gratitude of the Jew of York. Yet Wilfred runs five successive courses in rapid succession on the unfortunate animal on a warm summer day; the horse as well as the man being sheathed in iron-plating like a gunboat. No steed that ever was foaled, in these circumstances, could have stood the shock of such rude antagonists as the gigantic Front de Bœuf; and we are sure that in the fifth course it would have been Ralph de Vipont who would have had the "cheap bargain" of the "Great Unknown." We confess that, in that case, Sir Walter could hardly help himself. If Wilfred was to run the five courses, he was bound to run them on the same beast, and any one who seriously protested might be deemed as hypercritical as the prosaic gentleman in *Punch* who stopped his friend at the line in the ballad of Ivy about the thousand spurs with a "Hang it! that's only one spur apiece."

But Scott on one occasion did even more than Joshua in the way of interfering with celestial arrangements. Joshua only stopped the sun; but Scott set it revolving in the reverse direction. Every one remembers the wonderful escape of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter in *The Antiquary*, when, caught by the spring tide in their walk along the sands, the

dignified Baronet was "boused up" by Saunders Mucklebackit "like a keg of brandy." There is a very fine description of the sunset, when the bright orb of day, before sinking out of sight, is "resting his broad disc on the edge of the level ocean." As it happens, the walk came off beneath the rugged sea-wall on the Forfarshire coast, and the sun, as a rule, goes down behind the Western Isles in that gorgeous blaze of changing colours which Mr. Black is so fond of putting on his Hebridean canvases. It sounds like sacrilege the cavilling at Scott; we might as well judge Mr. William Shakespeare's performances by the lower School Board standards because he talks of Winchester geese at the siege of Troy and gives Central European States safe anchorages and a seaboard. Jupiter may nod once in a way; but Scott is as true to the life in his descriptions generally as he is exact in his inimitable portraiture. Even in his most commonplace characters, the master has the art of never degrading them into vulgarity, and James Ballantyne did penance in dust and ashes for having, after a first hasty perusal of the first volume of *Waverley* in the manuscript, objected to the vulgarity in the scenes at Tullyveolan. Had the diary of the cruise in the light-house yacht appeared at the time, there could have been no question as to the authorship of the *Waverley* Novels after the appearance of *The Pirate*. There is no license in that novel from the Far North. The descriptions of Sumburgh Roost and Fitful Head, of the Cliffs of Hoy and the Standing Stones of Stennis are all realistic pictures of the scenes that had impressed the diarist most forcibly, and he introduces no locality he did not visit. The Norse superstitions, the sword dance, the whale hunt, &c. are all to be found in the diary almost word for word, as are the lamentations and the stories of Triptolemus Yellowley, from the abuse of the plantie-cruive to the plugging up the beehives, which he had heard with interested amusement from other lips. He was always accumulating material for future use, as when, remembering "MacLeod's Maidens," the name given to some rocks off storm-beaten Dunvegan, he makes his Lord of the Isles exclaim, "I would old Torquil were to show his maidens with their breasts of snow." No; Scott never consciously allowed himself any license, at least when he had not some obvious artistic purpose to serve. At Rokeby, when he was noting down the wild flowers on the banks by the Greta, Morrit was inclined to ridicule his friend's lawyer-like accuracy, saying that violets and primroses would surely suffice for any poet. But Scott explained that conventional details would ultimately give conventional character to workmanship, and that as nature was never in the habit of repeating herself, consideration must be given to her caprices if you are to catch her changing expressions. Yet we cannot doubt that, after impressing himself with details by writing them down, Scott trusted chiefly to the tenacity of his wonderful memory, and seldom troubled to verify recollections by his manuscripts. A *propos* to which there is a slight but rather suggestive circumstance connected with that lighthouse yacht log and *The Pirate*. In the former, coupling the neighbouring islands of Swona and Stromo, he says that the inhabitants of the former islet are ridiculed by the rest of the Orcadians for condescending to eat luckies and limpets. Whereas in *The Pirate* he makes Magnus Troil refer contemptuously to the limpet-eating sneaks of Stromo, when he is abusing his kinswoman of the Fitful Head for turning him fasting from her doors.

RACING AT KEMPTON.

IT is not always the most valuable stake that brings out the best two-year-olds; but, if Simonian, Jessamy, and one or two other young horses were not in the Spring Two-year-old Stakes of 3,000l. at Kempton, there was a field of a dozen, including some very good-looking and promising colts and fillies. The most admired was Mr. E. Blanc's Gouverneur, a remarkably fine golden-chestnut colt, by that extraordinary six-furlong horse, Energy. With his combination of power and quality, Gouverneur could not fail to please both critics and backers, and the latter were so captivated by his appearance that they did not make sufficient allowance for his "greenness" and inexperience. Another big, handsome, and also rather raw colt was Lord Calthorpe's rich dark bay Harpstring, by Harvester out of Bowstring. On a much smaller scale, but beautifully modelled, was the Duke of Portland's Charm, a bay filly by St. Simon out of Tact, an own sister to Florence. These were the three first favourites, and they were backed in the order in which we have dealt with them. Neither Gouverneur nor Harpstring had ever run in public before, and Charm's only performance had been to run a bad third to Simonian and Macnacas for the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. Mr. H. Milner's Lady Heron, who had run third to White Feather and Meadow Sweet for the Ascott Plate at Northampton, and had won the May Plate a week before at Newmarket—somewhat luckily, it was thought at the time—was fourth favourite at 12 to 1, and only 25 to 1 was laid against anything else, with the exception of Mr. H. Milner's other representative, Rousseau, a colt by Petrarch out of the smart mare, Boundary, that eventually ran fourth. Mr. Coventry had a little trouble with the party at the post; but when he dropped his flag they were almost in a line, and no fault could be found with the start. The two first favourites were the first to take the lead, and Charm lay fourth during the early part of the race. When they had run about a

fourlong Mr. R. Peck's Bend Or filly, Dorcas, who, by the way, had been a 700-guinea yearling, drew up to Gouverneur, and she was quickly joined by her half-sister Fuse, as well as by Mr. F. Douglas's Tambourina, the winner of the Westminster Plate at Epsom. At the distance Harpstring was beaten, and so also were Tambourina, Dorcas, and Fuse. Immediately afterwards Lady Heron made a rush and took the lead from Gouverneur. In the meantime Charm was struggling gamely on in the able hands of F. Barrett, and came alongside of the leading pair, but she never quite reached Lady Heron, on whom Calder won a fine race by a head, while Watts was only half a length behind Charm with Gouverneur. Making all allowances for its being Gouverneur's first race, it must not be forgotten that, at weight for sex, he was receiving 4 lbs. from Lady Heron, so he must have run about 7 lbs. below his real form to be her equal. Charm was receiving 7 lbs. from Lady Heron, and the excuse of "first race" did not exist in her case. Lady Heron is a dark, rather mottled, chestnut filly, with slightly drooping but muscular quarters, great depth of girth and shoulder, and an arched neck. She is by Galliard out of a Blair Athol mare. As for the form shown in the race through Lady Heron and Charm, it was nothing abnormal; yet there are excellent judges who are of opinion that some of the competitors will turn out to be of a very high class indeed.

The Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes brought out the best field that had run hitherto in a handicap this season. One of the first horses to be made favourite was General Byrne's Amphion, who had won this stake last year, and was now honoured with the heaviest weight in the handicap. About a month before the race he promised to settle down into a very strong favourite, and then he became shaky, and was passed in the betting by Colonel North's Philomel, the winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup of last year, and of quite a series of races at the Curragh in 1888. Her length, wide hips, powerful quarters, depth of thigh, and short hind shanks, with general good shape, made her many admirers; 13 lbs. and a year seemed a great deal for Amphion to give to her, and she started first favourite. The owner of Theophilus, it was thought, must have good reasons for knowing his colt's exact chance of beating Philomel through his horse Theosophist, who had run third to her at Liverpool, and many people, again, did not consider Theophilus quite 16 lbs. inferior to Amphion. Then Lord Cholmondeley's Screech Owl, who had run second to Amphion for the Jubilee Stakes a year ago, was now to meet him on a stone better terms. Laureate had carried 9 st. 2 lbs. so badly in the Lincolnshire Handicap that his prospects of carrying the same weight to victory for the Jubilee Stakes looked exceedingly small. Sir J. T. Mackenzie's The Imp, a three-year-old bay colt by Robert the Devil, had run Danbydale to three-quarters of a length at a disadvantage of 19 lbs., at weight for age, at Derby, and in the same race he had beaten Wiseman by very many lengths, on 16 lbs. worse terms than those on which he was now to meet Amphion; yet few handicappers would have ventured to make Amphion give Wiseman a stone and a half. After being more than once first favourite, he eventually started a very strong second favourite, nominally half a point below Philomel. Among the other three-year-olds the very powerful Killowen had beaten an immense field at Derby last November, besides winning other races; Galway, who was not supposed to be gifted with the best of tempers, had plenty of bone and power, and, if his form was second-rate, his looks were not so; Llewellyn, a strong chestnut colt by Uncas, had shown rather uncertain form, on the best of which he was not ill treated at 6 st. 9 lbs.; Bel Demonio's running for the Hastings Plate at the First Spring Meeting confirmed the opinions that already existed of the moderate form of that grandly-made son of Robert the Devil; and Ratton had disgraced himself this season at Epsom after running rather well at Derby.

It was Ratton, however, that made the running when the seventeen starters for the Jubilee Stakes had settled down into their strides, and at the end of the first quarter of a mile he held a clear lead of his adversaries. This was a little too good to last; on approaching the bend the gap between him and the nearest of his followers began to lessen very perceptibly, and just before entering the straight he slackened speed and made way for his betters. The two Robert the Devil colts, Bel Demonio and The Imp, now came forward as if they were going to have the rest of the race all to themselves, while Philomel, who had been lying in the front rank, and looking very dangerous, collapsed. As Bel Demonio and The Imp came up the straight, side by side, Amphion worked his way gradually into third place. For a few moments Laureate made very rapid way, and appeared to be about to overhaul the leaders; but his weight pulled him back below the distance. At about the same time, Bel Demonio had had enough of it, and left The Imp with the lead. Just before reaching the enclosure, Amphion made his rush, and the white-legged chestnut, carrying Watts in his violet jacket, raced up to The Imp, and passed him by about a head, for a stride or two. At the beginning of the enclosure his heavy weight told its tale, and the tartan jacket on The Imp repassed the violet. Galway also got a little the best of Amphion, and as he had beaten The Imp by many lengths, on only 3 lbs. better terms, less than six months ago, on public form he seemed bound to beat him again before reaching the winning-post. Apparently, however, The Imp was in most danger from Theophilus and Vasistas, who were fighting hard on the other side. The nearer the four horses got to the winning-post the closer they drew together, with Amphion in close attendance. About twenty yards from the judge's chair the

white jacket and cherry sleeves worn by F. Barrett on Theophilus gained a slight advantage; he had just passed The Imp, and in another stride would have won the race when the Rob Roy tartan jacket made a last vigorous effort and got in front once more just as the post was reached. It was a splendid handicap and a splendid race. Sir J. T. Mackenzie's The Imp, ridden by R. Chaloner, won by a head from Captain L. Heywood Jones's Theophilus, who finished a neck in front of Baron de Hirsch's Vasistas. Only a neck behind Vasistas came Mr. H. T. Barclay's Galway, and close to Galway followed Amphion.

The Imp is a somewhat low, strongly-built bay colt with wide and very muscular quarters, powerful but oblique shoulders, long thighs, short shanks, hind legs well under him, and plenty of bone. Being by Robert the Devil out of a Rosicrucian mare, grandam by St. Albans, he inherits four strains of Sir Hercules blood. His victory was a very popular one, and he has unquestionably improved greatly since last season; but in justice to the handicappers it should be said that on his public form the only wonder is that they should not have been even more deceived in him than they were. The result of the race decidedly leaves Amphion the hero of the event, as he was giving 16 lbs. to Theophilus and 18 lbs. to Vasistas, 20 lbs. more than weight for age to Galway, and 33 lbs. more than weight for age to The Imp. The race, again, represents Theophilus and Galway as about equal at weight for age, and Theophilus as something like 4 lbs. better than Vasistas. It makes out Galway to be the best of the three-year-olds that took part in it—he gave The Imp 13 lbs. and finished within a length of him—and he ran like a stayer. On the other hand, Laureate is evidently this season much below the handicapper's estimate of him; Philomel's running was thought by some observers to savour of jadedness; Bel Demonio stopped with suspicious suddenness; Killowen never took a prominent part in the race, and Screech Owl's advantage of a stone, instead of bringing him nearer to Amphion, left him further behind him. Taken as a whole the late Jubilee Stakes was the most successful that has yet been run for, and it has been the best handicap as well as the best race of the season.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Third Notice.)

THERE is no need at this time of day to flatter Mr. Alma Tadema. The whole world recognizes the high ideal of executive perfection which he puts before him, and the accomplishment which he has achieved. It is with the fullest recognition of his merits that we confess ourselves somewhat less pleased than usual with his most important Academy picture this year, "The Frigidarium" (324). It looks a little fatigued, a little overwrought. Mr. Alma Tadema has seldom, indeed, been more happily inspired than with the noble auburn-haired lady whose toilet is just being concluded, and who stands calmly in her dress of deep blue brocade with flowers. She is charming; but surely the attendant who waits on her is ungraceful, though very solidly painted, while the servant who holds back the curtain is almost grotesque. Nor is the sunlight in the bath itself painted with the artist's wonted vigour. The landscape beyond, on the other hand, is very rich and impressive. On the whole, although "The Frigidarium" is full of beauties, Mr. Alma Tadema has pleased us better in past years, and in the New Gallery pleases us better now.

Mr. Poynter is to be congratulated on his little Greek picture "On the Temple Steps" (866). We do not remember a Poynter in which so bold a scheme of colour is attempted, and yet, with the doubtful exception of the crimson fan behind the girl's head, the colour is good. The landscape in the background, the dark sea and the purple cliffs seen between the oleanders and the cypresses, is very beautiful. But what is the nonchalant young lady doing? Is it for herself that she has prepared this copious and enticing midday meal? The cut water-melons, dripping like crimson snow, are delicious; but the dear child must make haste. A very short time in that hot air will dry them up and make them uneatable. In "Pea-blossom" (212) Mr. Poynter has painted a lady of the beginning of this century in a white dress, carrying a basket of white sweet-peas, a delicate picture which suffers considerably from its surroundings.

The Newlyn school this year is most worthily represented by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who has narrowly escaped producing a great work in his "By Order of the Court" (1146), which represents an auction in a country parlour. The various types of head are exceedingly well distinguished; the painting of the glass, china, books, tables, and other furniture, admirable; the illumination of the window, with the faces peeping in, and the pale green trees beyond, very happy. It is difficult to say why so excellent a picture is not wholly excellent. It is probably because the general tone is a little uniform and blurred; some salient point, some centre of interest, is required, which the pale blue eyes of the anxious woman who is bidding are hardly vivid enough to supply. But Mr. Forbes is a painter with a great future, we hope, and that future will not be endangered by a picture the faults of which, if faults we admit that it has, are due to over-conscientiousness and reluctance to force the note. Mr. Chevallier Taylor's "The Last Blessing" (758) is a serious and thorough work of the same class, a little less interesting. The

head of the kneeling father, the solemn pose of the young priest, are well felt and skilfully rendered. We have already spoken of Mr. Tuke's "Euchre" (709), which continues to commend itself to us. A pretty example of the school is Mr. Hugh Norris's "Washing-day at Newlyn" (895). Mr. Brangwyn is an artist who appears to be making his way; he must beware of a tricky greyness and mistiness of tone. Of his four pictures at the Royal Academy, the most striking is "All Hands Shorten Sail" (76), with its fine foreshortening of the lurching deck. Allied to the Newlyn school is Mr. W. H. Bartlett, whose "By the Committee Boat" (294)—four swimmers waiting for the start-word of the race—is a capital out-of-door study, which should have been hung closer to the line.

In our first survey of the rooms we omitted to mention Mr. Frank Millet, who, nevertheless, has painted one of the most attractive pictures of the year. "How the Gossip Grew" (151) is a very clear, delicate, and humorous composition of two young ladies in Empire dresses, in an English-furnished room of the period, discussing a letter over their breakfast. The picture very simply tells its own story, and the artistic value of it consists in the scholarly painting of the figures and of the accessories, and in the adroitness with which the whole scene is realized, without any of the false studio-look which this class of work is apt to have. The more we look at Mr. Herkomer's "Our Village" (143), which hangs close to Mr. Millet's, the less interested we are in it. The luminous amber sky behind the great elm, the desert of dusty road in the foreground, are empty, notwithstanding the red Walker grace of the various groups of cottagers. This Fesgn would have made an admirable water-colour drawing six inches by eight, but it is too slight to be carried out on so enormous a scale. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Herkomer on his promotion to the full honours of the Royal Academy. Mr. Haynes Williams has, perhaps, never been so successful in any of his previous pictures of mundane life as he is in "The Last Dance" (721), where a very nice young lady in pale yellow is embarrassed by being invited to dance with a gentleman in snuff-colour, while it is obvious to the feeblest observer that she would prefer the company of a youth in blue, who has not asked the favour quite soon enough. The furniture and dresses are painted with exquisite success in this, as in Mr. Haynes Williams's two other canvases.

The Venetian school, consisting of lovers of the picturesque who paint Venice, not as it is, mostly in black, but as it ought to be, in orange, turquoise-blue, salmon-pink, and apple-green—are not represented this year by their master, Mr. Van Haanen, but are yet well to the front. Mr. Eugène de Blaas's "Scandal" (1062), which displays a young fellow being teased by a group of rather overblown girls, is a little coarse, but bright, solid, and effective. Mr. Henry Woods exhibits two companion-pieces in the First Room (49, 51), and a more important composition, "La Promessa Sposa" (278), which is very pretty, but exactly like what he has so often before produced. Mr. Fildes, whose strength this year lies in his portraits, sends one Venetian costume-study, "A Daughter of the Ghetto" (20). Better than any of these, in the same class, is Mr. Melton Fisher's "La Sposa" (757), somewhat unkindly treated by being placed immediately over Mr. Chevallier Tayler's picture. This is a careful and elaborate composition, carried out with more refinement than most of these painters show.

Over-refinement will never be fatal to Mr. Logsdail, who seems to have come back from Venice in time to paint "The Ninth of November" (1028) with a robustness which is almost terrible. The Lord Mayor's carriage, with the mace peeping out, advances towards us; while three of his footmen with prancing lilac calves are actually strutting out of the canvas; on either side the police press back the crowd. The gilding of the carriages and all the points of colour are reflected in the wet street; behind the whole the Royal Exchange and the Bank are seen blue through the mist. About the vigour of this huge work there can be no question; the painting, for instance, of the grim and rigid postilion in the foreground is amazing. But it is needlessly crude, and in colour even false. The three footmen in front would not be so garishly hideous; they look as though seen under the electric light, without the softening effect which sunshine and atmosphere would give them. The crowd is admirably painted, without exaggeration. This picture, with its almost brutal realism and absence of all concession to sentiment, may be compared with Mr. Briton Riviere's London picture, "Rus in Urbe" (224), which is pathetic and tender in feeling. The rather dull country lad, with his peacock's feather in his hat, clings to his frightened collie, with an arm thrown closely round his neck. The dog is thoroughly worthy of Mr. Riviere, and a capital study of a right thing in the wrong place. The boy might be more vigorously modelled; but Mr. Riviere is always less successful with *homo* than with any other known genus of the *mammalia*.

There is plenty of claptrap about Lady Butler's "Evicted" (993), which is the principal political picture of the year. The landscape and the little army of minions descending the valley are freshly painted; they are more attractive than the ferocious harriidan who clenches her fists in the foreground. In this class of sentimental art Mr. Kennington's "Homeless" (24), a woman laying her bundle down on the pavement, to support a little boy who has fainted, ranks high. But the veteran Mr. Sant carries off the prize this year with his "Oliver Twist" (507), which is really charming. Master Twist, with a very attenuated bundle, and a hopeful look in his pale face, is seen walking Londonwards in the

cold air of dawn. A collie dog rushes by him, engaged in collecting some strayed sheep for his master the shepherd, who is seen in the dim morning mist, like some peasant figure of J. F. Millet's. This is a simple but very capable and attractive work, full of an unaffected poetry which calls for commendation in these garish days. The same French spirit of peasant-romance has inspired Mr. Julius M. Price to the production of a rather good picture, called "Viaticum."

A certain number of figure-pictures which do not seem to call for particular criticism, but which, at the same time, should not be passed by without mention, may now be summarily enumerated. Mrs. Alma Tadema's "The Pet Goldfinch" (188); Mr. Waterlow's "Homewards" (31); Mr. Hook's "A Jib for the New Smack" (249); Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Louis XI." (291); Mr. Boughton's pathetic "Puritans' First Winter in New England" (396); Mr. Dollman's "Polo" (69), a very spirited design of excited men and horses; the Japanese subject-compositions of Mr. Theodore Wores; "The World Went Very Well Then" (302), by Mr. Pettie; the ruddy picture of little boys paddling at sunset, which Lord Salisbury's joke at the Royal Academy Banquet has made famous; "When the flowing tide comes in," by Mr. W. Rainey (523), and not a few others call out to us for recognition. We believe, however, that we have given a word, if not more than a word, to all the figure-subjects at the Royal Academy this year which it is absolutely necessary for a visitor to have looked at.

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA.

IF it be true, as stated on the Drury Lane programme, that *Paul Kauvar* is "the most successful drama ever produced in the United States of America," neither the taste of American playgoers nor the skill of the quasi-American playwright is to be much commended. In its main features the melodrama is not bad as melodramas go; for, if there are weak parts, there are also parts which are effective in a rough-and-ready way; but Mr. Steele Mackay, at his best, has done no more than employ familiar materials with tolerable skill; he has drawn no new character, has devised little that has the least claim to be considered fresh in the way of incident, and his dialogue is without literary merit. Tact and taste are also occasionally lacking, as when the artist and revolutionist, Paul Kauvar, who has secretly married the Duc de Beaumont's daughter, insults that nobleman by highfalutin' condemnation of his order and fulsome praise of the rebels against authority. The stupid scene of the first act to which reference is here made is less suitable for the stage of a West-End theatre than for a platform in Hyde Park. It is written to appeal to a Republican audience, and answers its purpose well enough in the States; but, before placing the piece on an English stage, Mr. Terriss would have done well to revise it here and in one or two other details. But there is not enough of this theatrical patriotic sentiment to make the play popular with those whose political feelings run high; and we fail entirely to understand why so commonplace a work—suggesting, as it does, half a dozen well-known plays—should have met with popularity.

A set of regulation episodes always accompanies a drama on the subject of the French Revolution. We may be sure that several things will happen; thus, the soldiers of the people are certain to march into some one's house and lead off an aristocrat; one scene will certainly represent the *Conciergerie*; and the guillotine will be both talked about and introduced, and the chances are that some one who is or is about to be taken in the tumbril to the place of execution will find a substitute ready to be sacrificed in his stead. Garnish with a mob of blood-thirsty ruffians in red shirts, and bare-armed women with weapons in their hands and shouts of vindictive cruelty on their lips—the horrible creatures that developed into *pétroleuses* when petroleum was invented, and would now deal in dynamite till some more deadly agent is discovered—and a melodrama dated 1794 is revealed in outline. All these things are found in *Paul Kauvar*, but some of them are timidly treated. The sacrifice of Robert Landry was properly made the central feature of *The Dead Heart*, but the similar sacrifice is slurred over in this newer American play; for the reason, no doubt, that Mr. Steele Mackay perceived that Paul Kauvar's apparently heroic conduct would not bear examination. Though he enters the fatal cart with the intention of suffering in the place of the Duc (who has been arrested on a warrant to which Kauvar's signature was obtained by trickery, a fact which Kauvar is anxious to prove at the cost of his life), the sacrifice is not carried out, as, for no obvious reason, a stranger whom Kauvar, masquerading as the Duc, meets in the tumbril, agrees to die first in order that his new acquaintance may have an opportunity of escaping. This is very absurd. Heroes, we have before now remarked, ought to be heroic, and it was not an act of heroism for Paul Kauvar to start off boldly to meet his death, and then to think very much better of it and fly for his life before the fatal spot was reached. If it be urged that a hero is wanted in the last act, and asked what else could therefore be done but save him, the reply must be advice to make a plot which does not force the leading character into such an awkward and anomalous position.

The Drury Lane representation for the most part suits the play, being coarse and overdone. A long experience of Adelphi

melodrama, supplemented by a tour in the States, has led Mr. Terriss to swagger when he seeks to be bold, and to overact generally. There is not the right ring in his love scenes with Diane de Beaumont, or rather it should be said with his wife; and there is quite the wrong ring in the tone he adopts, first of all to the Duc, and in the last act to the Royalist General Delaroche, before whom Kauvar is brought as a prisoner, and who reluctantly proposes to have his captive shot. Mr. Terriss plays to the groundlings, and they like it, and applaud; but unless he reforms his method altogether he will seem much out of place presently at the Lyceum by the side of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. Mr. Arthur Stirling's Delaroche is a trifle too pompous and conventional; and Mr. C. Hudson, as a Marquis who gains access to the revolutionary ranks in the guise of a Jacobin, suggests a caricature of the manager of the Lyceum. Mr. Henry Neville acts with dignity and good taste as the Duc de Beaumont; and Miss Millward satisfactorily represents the heroine. The drama does not appeal to the more intelligent classes of playgoers.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, is now on view a collection of paintings of animal life, by Madame H. Ronner, of very great excellence. It is unfortunate that these pictures should be exhibited at this particular moment, when London is plunged in its annual saturnalia of native art. But we cannot help hoping that they will, notwithstanding, make their proper mark. Mme. Henriette Ronner, who is now resident in Brussels, is a Dutch artist; she was born at Amsterdam in 1821. Her father, the painter Josephus Augustus Knip, trained her with extraordinary care, and when he became blind, in her childhood, he proceeded to concentrate his entire attention upon her artistic education, following her progress step by step, a curious and, perhaps, unique example of positive clairvoyance. She was very early brought into direct rivalry with Eugène Lambert, who is four years her junior, and it is natural to compare her animals with his. We are not sure that she has not become the superior of Lambert. Her art, at least, is more serious, and perhaps more conscientious. Lambert has not been able entirely to resist producing a human caricature of an animal, which is what the foolish public loves, although he stops short of being the mere Landseer of the cat. But Mme. Ronner, with brilliant gifts of brush-power, does not aim at rendering more than she sees, and her success, with cats in particular, is greater, we think, than ever was that of the Feline Raphael, Gottfried Mind. She achieves the elastic softness of short fur to an extraordinary degree, this being the hardest of all tasks for a cat-painter. Many men have painted lean and skinny cats, all anatomy and ears, like Barye's; fewer have contrived to paint the fluffiness of long-haired cats, still preserving the feline type; but Mme. Ronner's triumphs are with plain ordinary cats, well-fed and sleek, but without pedigree of any description.

There is a certain "Fairy" (6, 45), a genial, commonplace, motherly tortoiseshell, in whose portrait Mme. Ronner shows to advantage the solidity of her touch and the science of her eye. Nothing could be truer than this unaffected study of a plain, clean matron. In the same spirit she has painted two life-sized portraits of a noble tom, called "Boy," with beryl-coloured eyes, half-closed in one case (46), wide open in the other (50). His indifference to mere prettiness is delightful. The very mother of the sandy "Kittens," sporting in and out of a box in No. 32, would rise up and call them homely; but Mme. Ronner has seen, with an artist's eye, a charm in their rough reddish fur. She is not oblivious, however, of more positive beauty in cats. The long-haired tabby, with her head thrown sideways, in a sort of sentimental ecstasy, and with great green eyes like moons, is called "Gem" (74) in the Catalogue, and deserves all that and a great deal more. But this is surely not identical with the extended and excessively limp brown kitten, also called "Gem" (9), on the other side of the room?

Mme. Ronner, it appears to us, secures the greatest freshness and truth when she merely gives us life-studies of animals. But her compositions are good, and amusing also. In "A Proof of Friendship" (17), a little brown terrier, hairy and truculent, has burst upon a family party of a mamma-cat with many kits in a silk-lined basket. It is enough to throw the whole *ménage* into a frenzy of spitting and scratching. But they know it is only his fun; he is an old friend. So the kittens bundle out of the basket to play with his ears, while mamma benevolently stretches herself, and leans forward to kiss the terrier's nose. "Observation" (61) is admirable; a tabby, seated on a window-sill, watches a butterfly languidly flapping its wings. "A Turbulent Family" (65) are making hay with the bric-à-brac as only a collection of kittens can do; and in "What's o'clock?" (75) offensive innocence has gone even further in the destruction of property. If, however, we were allowed to select one of all these cats to carry away with us, we believe that our predatory choice would fall upon "Hesitation" (18), a trembling black and white kitten, all fluff, attempting to make up her silly little mind with an expression bewitchingly pathetic.

Mme. Ronner is not so strikingly successful with other creatures as with cats, partly because she here competes with a larger number of competent rivals. But her studies for portraits of the

dogs belonging to the Count and Countess of Flanders and the Queen of the Belgians (11, 30, 44, 57, 91, 105) are of an admirable solidity, and should be examined together as a series. The "Dead Cock" (3) is a study worthy to be signed by Hondecoeter, and the groups of "Pigeons" (29) are excellently characterized.

At the Fine Art Society, moreover, a room is now dedicated to a collection of water-colour sketches, mostly of Cairo, Luxor, and Algiers, made by Mr. Ernest George, who is distinguished alike as an architect and as an etcher. We are afraid we cannot say that these drawings permit us to welcome Mr. George as a painter also. They are spotty and without atmosphere, conventionally dabbed with bright colours—green, orange, vermilion, and blue—on a white ground, the identical tricks of brush recurring on each drawing, whatever the subject or locality. Needless to say that the architectural part of these sketches is valuable; they would form without the colour excellent notes to serve the memory. The best, it appears to us, is "El Ghoury, Cairo" (38), which forms an important record of the detail of ancient buildings.

At Messrs. Graves's Gallery are now on view two old favourites of the public—"Memphis," by Mr. Goodall, and "The Symbol," by Mr. Frank Dicksee.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

SINCE the establishment of mountaineering as a distinct form of sport it has been discovered that with a little ingenuity it may be practised on mountains of less than Alpine scale. Wherever there are rocks there may be climbing, and wherever and whenever snow lies on hill-sides there may be reproduced for a time some of the conditions which permanently mark the region above the snow-line in the great mountain ranges of the world. Accordingly British mountaineers have often consoled themselves in the shorter vacations by expeditions in the Welsh and Cumbrian hills. These expeditions have of late almost assumed a regular character. Some of them, and one or two in Scotland, have been thought fit to be recorded in the *Alpine Journal*. And work of this kind, in which the climbers have to trust altogether to themselves, is by no means to be despised as training for mountain exploration on a larger scale, as distinguished from mere mountain travel under the conduct of guides well acquainted with the ground, of which last an indefinite amount can be and is accomplished every season by mountain tourists who neither are nor are on the way to be real mountaineers. Nature has conferred special advantages of latitude for this purpose on the hills of that part of the British Islands (to use the latest phrase of Parliamentary drafting) called Scotland. A fair amount of snow can generally be found there at Eastertide, or even well into May. A Scottish Mountaineering Club has therefore ample reason for existing, and it has come into existence with every sign of good promise.

We collect from the *Journal of the Club*, of which two numbers have so far appeared, that the foundation dates from about the beginning of December last, and that the first corporate act of this, as of most British clubs, was, after electing its officers and settling its rules, to hold a dinner. The President, Professor G. G. Ramsay, of Glasgow, delivered an excellent address, to which we shall return, and the blessing of the Alpine Club was not wanting. Mr. Dent, the late President, sent his good wishes by letter, and Mr. Charles Pilkington, himself a climber in England as well as in the Alps, and a Vice-President of the Alpine Club, was there in person. It is proposed to publish *The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* thrice a year, and the numbers before us look as if there would be no lack of matter. Some Scottish summits have probably, as the editor points out, never been ascended at all; some have been ascended only by accident, so to speak, and many are as good as undescribed, or have not been described within the century. Not much actual novelty is likely to be found in Scotland, it must be allowed, unless in the way of "variations"—that is, discovering harder ways up a peak after the easy or less hard ones have become too familiar. This, however, is already the case to a large extent in the frequented parts of the Alps. And some Scottish mountains have structural features which are quite peculiar enough to prevent them from ever becoming commonplace. Witness Mr. Hinxman's account of a climb over Suilven, a peak eminent among "those strange isolated masses of red sandstone which rise like huge monoliths from the tumbled grey sea of primitive gneiss along the western seaboard of Sutherland and Ross-shire." The stone couloirs of the Cuchullins may also serve to convince the Alpine tourist that there are more things in North Britain than his Swiss Baedeker will account for out of hand. Mr. W. W. Naismith describes them as being "filled with angular chips of all sizes, from the weight of a ton to that of a grain." The point of practical interest is that, according to the inclination of their bed and other local accidents, these "chips" may or may not be loose. Other reports will show the reader how the Scottish hills will furnish him with weather of all sorts, including snowstorms of Alpine violence and density, throughout the spring months.

Professor Ramsay's presidential address is all that an address to the Scottish Mountaineering Club should be. It is clubbable; it has the just measure of local colour; and it is full of the true spirit of mountaineering. The art is duly glorified, and is pro-

nounced to have risen to the height of philosophy. "It has solved the great philosophical problem of finding the Many in the One; for whereas of old it was thought that every mountain had but one top, and that there was but one way, and that the easiest way, to the top of it, the Alpine Club has discovered that the number of ways to the top of any given mountain is infinite, and that that way only is to be discarded which is easiest." Also the "many and divers kinds of spurious mountaineers or mountain-seekers" are well and justly held up for warning. One specimen observed by Mr. Ramsay himself was a New Yorker who insisted that the Uri Rothstock must be the *Young-Frow*, because, as he read in his guide-book, "the *Young-Frow* is the only mountain in Switzerland which has snow on it all the year round." Not less happily is the character of the true mountaineer exhibited in contrast to such as these. "He delights in the difficulties and dangers of a new route, and he is fully sensible of the pride of finding his legs firm beneath him, his wind sound within. But his main and great joy is the glory of the scenery through which he climbs; he dwells fondly on every view with a reverent, humble sense of the fresh glories of creation which each discloses. He will never refuse to make a fine ascent because he has made it before, or because he has climbed a higher peak in the same district. He likes fine weather, but he will not be turned by a shower; he likes a big hill, but will delight in a little hill when there are none other; but, above all, whether his climb be difficult or easy, he will carry to it the same sense of joy in nature, of love of her milder as well as of her sterner phases, of her gentle, heathery slopes, as well as of her heather knows, or of her Aiguilles Dru. And, whatever his mountain, he will leave his load of trouble at the bottom, and find himself gaining a larger heart, a calmer nerve, a more hopeful and trusting spirit as he climbs upwards." If the Scottish Mountaineering Club go to work in the same spirit as their President, their success is assured.

THE CRÉDIT FONCIER INCIDENT.

IT is not surprising that the Paris Bourse has been agitated by the resignation of the Sub-Governor of the Crédit Foncier, and the grave charges made by him against the Governor. The surprise, indeed, is that the sensation has not been even greater. With the exception of the Bank of France, the Crédit Foncier is the greatest financial institution of the country. Indeed, of its kind, it is the greatest credit establishment in the world; for though it has had many imitators, it has no equal. It was founded in 1852 for the purpose of giving accommodation to the landed classes. And originally its business was limited to making loans upon mortgages on real estate. It is, in a sense, a Government institution; for the Governor is appointed by the Cabinet, and the Government has wide powers of supervision and control. Its capital has been raised from about 5½ millions sterling to very nearly 7 millions sterling; but though the capital is large, it is obviously insufficient to accommodate the millions of landowners in France. It was necessary, therefore, to provide it with means of obtaining the funds which it would have to employ. The receiving of deposits would not be the proper course. Deposit banks, it is true, often make advances to agriculturists upon growing crops and upon stock, but loans upon mortgage are not suited for deposit banks. Mortgages, by their very nature, are intended to run for a considerable time. They cannot be called in without a long notice, and in case of depression in the land-market they may not easily be realized even when called in. Therefore, it was decided that the Crédit Foncier should issue bonds, which it sells in the open market, and employ the proceeds in lending at a higher rate of interest to the owners of houses and lands. The bonds are directly a liability of the bank, but they are really secured by the mortgages on which the proceeds are lent. Still further to ensure good management the Crédit Foncier is bound to lodge with the Government the proceeds of the sales of bonds as long as they are not employed in lending upon real estate. The aggregate amount of the bonds in circulation must never exceed twenty times the capital of the bank, which, as already stated, is a little under seven millions sterling. Although the original intention was to limit the business to lending upon real estate, the Crédit Foncier, almost from the beginning, has been employed by the Government in facilitating the issue of State loans, and in making advances to towns, local authorities, and colonial dependencies. The bonds in circulation are gradually redeemed by means of lottery drawings. In the past year, for example, the redemption amounted to nearly four millions sterling. Owing to these lotteries and the control exercised by the Government, and to the belief that great care is observed in lending upon mortgages, the credit of the institution has been steadily rising. At one time it had to pay as much as 5 per cent. upon its bonds, and even then was unable to issue them at par. But for years past the interest has only been 3 per cent., and yet the bonds stand higher than French Three per Cent. Rentes. At the present time the bonds in circulation somewhat exceed 121 millions sterling, of which about 81½ millions sterling are secured upon mortgage of real estate, and the remainder, about 39 millions sterling, are what are called Communal Obligations, that is, loans to local authorities, French and colonial. Originally it was not intended that the bank should take deposits, but as the nature of its business was enlarged it has received deposits which at the present time amount to about 3½ millions sterling. But

as it holds a far larger amount in French Rentes and Treasury Bills and Bonds, it is in a position at once to meet a run upon its deposits, however suddenly such might arise.

It will now be understood how well calculated to excite alarm were the charges made against the Governor. The bonds of the institution, as already stated, in the hands of the public exceed 121 millions sterling, and there are few families in France which have not invested in these securities. To weaken its credit, therefore, was to touch the pocket of almost every man in the country. M. Levêque, the resigning Sub-Governor, stated in the Chamber on Thursday of last week, that, though holding office since 1878, it was only during the last three years that differences had sprung up between himself and the Governor. The latter had ceased to consult him or to summon him to the Directors' meetings. In consequence he had made investigations, the result being the discovery that large sums had been assigned for the expense of issuing loans without the authority of the Directors. During the past thirteen years over 4½ millions sterling had been so spent, and although since 1885 no loans had been issued, about 100,000*l.* had lately been assigned for the purpose. The money, M. Levêque stated in conclusion, went chiefly to newspapers, although the advertisement charges were ostensibly limited to 4,000*l.* a year. He wound up by demanding a Committee of Inquiry. The weak point in this attack was that M. Levêque admitted that he had been a member of the Board for the last twelve years, and yet until now he had taken no step of any kind to put a stop to the grave abuses he alleged to have been committed. It was natural that people should suspect the real motive was not care for the interest of the Crédit Foncier, but personal feeling against its Governor. And the latter cleverly took advantage of the feeling to twit M. Levêque on his delay in calling attention to the matter. He was supported by the Finance Minister and the Premier in resisting the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry, and the Chamber finally accepted the assurance of the Minister that a careful official investigation should be made. Without delay three members of the Finance Ministry have been appointed to conduct the inquiry. In a letter to the Finance Minister, in reply to M. Levêque's charges, the Governor admits that 116 millions of francs have been spent in defraying issues since 1877. But he gives what seems to be a completely satisfactory explanation of the expenditure. Of the total amount, he says, only 22 millions of francs, or 880,000*l.*, have been paid to newspapers. The remainder, or 3,720,000*l.*, has gone in printing, registration, stamp-duty, commissions to bankers, premium on converted bonds, loss of interest between receiving the money and lending it out, and lottery prizes. Every one familiar with such matters knows that large issues cannot be made without considerable cost. No doubt nearly a million sterling is a very large sum to pay away to newspapers in thirteen years, especially as during the last five there has been no issue. It is quite true that all French banks think it necessary to retain newspapers in their interest; but the Crédit Foncier is powerful enough to refuse to follow a bad example. And, if the present incident leads to a change in this matter, it will have served a useful purpose. Still, if the bank has spent less than a million sterling in thirteen years upon newspapers, it has not injured its financial position. It has simply diverted from the shareholders' moneys which might have gone to increase their dividends. But it clearly has in no way endangered the security of its bonds. They are protected, in the first place, as pointed out above, by a capital of nearly seven millions sterling; and, in the second place, by first mortgages on lands, houses, and communal property, which are of much higher value than the loans secured upon them.

If rumour is to be trusted, M. Christophle, the Governor of the Crédit Foncier, is by no means an easy man to get on with. He is dictatorial, impatient of opposition, and even of interference. During his administration the bank has greatly prospered, and he thinks the merit is due to himself. Therefore he believes that the best interests of the Crédit Foncier are served by his taking the whole administration of affairs into his own hands. In short, he is reported to be of the type, much more frequent in France and the United States than in this country, of the president who reduces the ordinary directors to the position of dummies whose only duty is to approve and register what he himself has already resolved. That there should be much friction between him and his colleagues is a matter of course, and that sooner or later he should come into collision with one or more of them was to be expected. Possibly M. Levêque was encouraged to take up the attitude he has assumed by the knowledge that the Governor is by no means popular either with the bankers or the Bourse of Paris. The former complain that he refuses to take part in their combinations, and declines to admit them to a participation in his own projects, the latter that he not merely withholds from them business which they have a right to expect, but that he actually diverts from them business that otherwise would come to them. Any opponent, therefore, who stood up boldly against him was sure of a good deal of sympathy from powerful financial classes. But, while M. Christophle has made for himself many enemies, he is generally allowed to be a man of probity as well as of much energy and ability. And it would require clear proof, therefore, to convince the public that he has done anything seriously detrimental to the great institution over which he presides. Besides, it was almost incredible that the Minister of Finance, when appealed to, should support the Governor if he had really been guilty of gross misconduct. Anything that would seriously injure the credit of this great establishment

would affect the interests of Frenchmen far more than even the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, nay, more even than the failure of the Panama Canal Company itself; for, as already stated, there is hardly a family in France that does not hold some of its bonds. Accordingly, if anything were to happen which would injure its credit materially, the Government would unquestionably suffer. M. Christophle is its nominee; it has the right to interfere, to examine, and investigate; and, if it had supported him when the Sub-Governor appealed to it, and yet he were proved to be gravely in the wrong, the Ministry would undoubtedly be hurled from power. The Chamber and the public, therefore, were prepared to accept the assurances of the Finance Minister and the Premier respecting the perfect safety of the Crédit Foncier. But when such charges were put forward a careful investigation was not to be avoided, and it has been instituted without delay.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

THIS interesting Exhibition, which was opened last week with appropriate ceremony, seems destined to become one of the attractions of London this summer. In many ways the position selected is admirable; for not only are the gardens beautiful and extensive, the approach from the Thames picturesque, but the site itself is connected with military traditions of much interest. Gordon House, around which the temporary galleries of the Exhibition have been constructed, occupies the place of a much older dwelling which at one time was a favourite resort of Charles I. and Charles II., and it is stated on fair authority that Nell Gwynne, on one occasion whilst going from Gordon House on a pleasure excursion up the river with Charles II., conceived the excellent idea of establishing a hospital for veteran soldiers—that hospital, indeed, which to this day keeps alive the popularity of her name, and has done so much to soften the harsh judgment she would otherwise have received. Few people who have not yet visited the Exhibition have any idea of its importance, or of the extent of the galleries in which the various exhibits have been arranged with excellent effect. Probably the most interesting feature of the Exhibition is the general impression it affords of the remarkable care which is being taken in our army for the physical and moral well-being of our soldiers. There is, of course, a fine display of implements of war, which deserves the attention of the expert; but these are lost sight of amid the vast aggregation of objects which either recall the past military glories of the country or give evidence that the British soldier is looked upon in our army as something more than “mere food for cannon.” The Ambulance Department, under the direction of Surgeon-Major Pratt, who served as medical officer with the Nile Expedition, is magnificent and well worth careful investigation. All methods of land transport of sick men, by horses, mules, bullock wagons, elephants, camels, and even native bearers, are illustrated in detail by admirably contrived figures. There are other equally interesting and instructive sections, and the Exhibition contains contributions from Tommy Atkins made by him in his leisure moments—such as models, &c.; and the many drawings by private soldiers and non-commissioned officers display in some instances singular proficiency, whilst some collections of butterflies are quite beautiful.

The general visitor, however, will possibly find the “Battle Gallery,” as it is called, the most attractive portion of the exhibition. This consists of a loan collection of pictures of battles or portraits of celebrated soldiers, and of a surprising number of valuable military relics. The collection is retrospective as well as actual, and among the most interesting relics shown—and, if we err not, the earliest—are those from Naseby, such as spurs and bullets, which were used in that great encounter in 1645. There is also a plan of the field, showing most minutely the rival armies drawn up immediately prior to attack. At the extreme right of the Parliamentary line is Lieutenant-General Cromwell, on the right centre is General Fairfax, whilst in the centre itself is the body known in history as “The Forlorn Hope.” The whole group is protected in front by musketeers. On the King’s side is Charles, surrounded by his Cavaliers and the troops of Prince Rupert. The plan is deeply interesting, and it proves that musketry could not have been of much avail in those days, for the troops are mainly massed in squares and columns of squadrons. Oddly enough, although there is a capital portrait of General Monk, there is not a single representation of Oliver Cromwell. There is a curious picture of the Prince of Orange landing at Brixham, and we behold him as Prince and King in several pictures, either presiding in council or engaged in battle. One is struck by the mournfulness of his expression, which is ever the same—that of a sad, broken-hearted, stern-looking man, with a dark, sallow, unhealthy complexion. Portraits of James II., which also abound, are happier both in expression and colouring. There are three full-sized representations of the Battle of the Boyne, which are most interesting, not only as showing how the battle-field was arranged, but as affording capital studies of the costumes of the period. The oldest is by Van Wyck, whose representation of the battle must be singularly faithful, especially in details of costumes, which are given with a minuteness almost incredible,

considering the small scale of the figures. There is a curious detail in connexion with James’s men, many of whom are seen, in their eagerness to fly, throwing off their white coats and heavier accoutrements. Queen Anne, John Churchill, and Prince Eugene stare rather grimly from the walls, but none of the pictures are by great masters. Still one likeness of Queen Anne gives us an excellent idea of her handsome, good-natured face and fine figure. To the right and left of this portrait, and also of a bust of good Queen Anne by Sir E. Boehm, are arranged the celebrated pictures by Laguerre of the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and, appropriately enough, above them hangs a brilliant portrait, by an anonymous artist, of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, in a brown wig and red coat. After Malplaquet, England’s wars seemed to grow apace, and we have here an almost endless series of battle-pictures, leading us up, through Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden, Minden, the Seven Years’ War, the Peninsula, Waterloo, and the Crimea, to the Rorke’s Drift of Elizabeth Thompson. Amongst the relics of our great warriors are noticeable Wolfe’s sash and snuff-box. Not far off hangs West’s celebrated picture of Wolfe’s death—a masterpiece of pictorial art—Fraser of Lovat’s sword used at the battle of Quebec, and some especially interesting mementoes of Wellington, including the coat he wore at Waterloo, the lining of which, however, has been abstracted to be divided amongst his personal friends—a striking instance of the innate love of relics which exists in human nature. Sir Lawrence de Lancey’s relics are also shown in the same case with those of his chief. The relics and pictures of the American War of Independence, and an especially valuable miscellaneous collection of flags, jewels, and various weapons of war, should not be overlooked. It is rather curious to see Washington, Cornwallis, and Major André smile at each other from their portraits placed in the most friendly proximity. Then there is the first medical prescription administered to “Master Arthur Wellesley,” on the day of his birth, April 30, 1769, at No. 49 Dawson Street, Dublin. Hard by hangs, perhaps, the first portrait of Wellington ever taken, and representing him as an inoffensive-looking young gentleman with a kindly expression, in singular contrast with the intensity of an early portrait of Napoleon I. as Consul, which is remarkably beautiful.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

SIGNOR MANCINELLI’S orchestral Suite, “Scene Veneziane,” a musical picture of an elopement in the Lagoons, which was composed in 1888, and is dedicated to the Concert Society of Madrid, formed the only novelty at the Philharmonic Concert last week. Thanks to its intrinsic qualities, and also to an admirable performance under the composer’s baton, the work achieved an unquestionable success. It is “programme music” of the most straightforward and pictorial kind, in which all the resources of the modern orchestra are employed to glorify and enhance themes, for the most part, of an almost trivial nature. No intellectual effort is needed to understand the composer’s meaning, or, if the hearer is for a moment in doubt, the programme comes at once to his aid, telling him (for example) that the bass clarinet and bassoon represent the priest who ties the nuptial knot, the oboe is the bride, and the *cor anglais* the bridegroom. Of the five movements of which the Suite consists, the first is the most taking; it is devoted to a representation of the Carnival, and is full from beginning to end of life and animal spirits. The slow movements are graceful, but somewhat thin, and the finale is a regular *alla podrida*, in which the transition from grave to gay is inconspicuously sudden. The third movement, a *moto perpetuo*, is exceedingly effective, and was encored at Thursday week’s concert. Signor Mancinelli’s orchestration is clear and brilliant throughout, but he uses his instruments of percussion almost to excess. Another interesting feature of the concert was the appearance of Mr. Leonard Borwick, a young pupil of Mme. Schumann’s, of whom report had raised great expectations. In Schumann’s Pianoforte Concerto he achieved a signal and legitimate success, which was subsequently confirmed by his playing of solos by Brahms and Rubinstein. His brilliant performance of the latter composer’s exacting Staccato Study shows that his technical abilities are very high, but in addition to this he possesses a degree of intelligence and a sympathetic style which are remarkable in so young a player. Mr. Cowen conducted the performance of the Concerto in very good style, but his reading of the *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, was not altogether satisfactory. The vocalist was Miss Macintyre, who sang the long soprano Recitative and Scena, “O Peaceful Night,” from Mr. Cowen’s *St. John’s Eve*, a work which was noticed in these columns on its recent production at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. The prettiness of the orchestration is the chief feature of the number, and Miss Macintyre was much better suited in Mozart’s “Dove sono,” in which her beautiful voice was heard to advantage, while her singing of both pieces was excellent in method and dramatic in style.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE MOT-MOT.

THE Parrot-house is always well worth a visit, and were its inmates less noisy would, no doubt, be much more frequented than it is, as it contains not only an excellent collection of parrots, of all sorts and sizes, but also many other very beautiful and interesting birds. At the present time, however, a bird of more than ordinary interest is to be seen in this house which, though not "new to the collection," will certainly be new to a very large majority of the present visitors to the Zoo, as it is a very long time—how long we cannot say with certainty, but at least twenty years—since the last specimen died there. The bird in question is a mot-mot, presented about a week since, and is to be seen in the large cage nearest to the keeper's room. It has not yet been labelled, but is, we believe, "*Momotus brasiliensis*." It is an extremely striking, though not very brilliantly coloured, bird, about the size of a jay, with a long tail; its brightest colour, a most beautiful blue, forms a band round the crown of its head, which is black, and there are smaller patches on its cheeks; it has a bold bright eye, the iris of which is red. Its tail, however, is without doubt its most noticeable feature, not so much from its length and colour as from the extraordinary habit the bird possesses, especially, it would seem, when excited, of swinging it from side to side after the manner, and with the regularity, of the pendulum of a clock, occasionally varying the monotony of the proceeding by jerking it straight up over its back—an odd habit, calculated to attract the attention of the least observant. The mot-mot's tail has the further peculiarity that the two middle feathers, which are longer than the others, are racket-shaped at the end—that is to say, that for about an inch the feather is perfect, and then for another inch, or rather more, the shaft is entirely denuded of web. This peculiarity has given rise to some controversy, one side contending that it is natural, while the other avers that it is artificial, being caused by the bird itself. Waterton first drew attention to the fact that the bird acted as its own barber, and described the process as follows:—"This bird [the mot-mot, or houtou as he called it] seems to suppose that its beauty can be increased by trimming the tail, which undergoes the same operation as one's hair in a barber's shop, only with this difference, that it uses its own beak, which is serrated, in lieu of a pair of scissors. As soon as its tail is full-grown, it begins about an inch from the extremity of the two longest feathers in it, making a gap about an inch long. Both male and female adornise their tails in this manner, which gives them a remarkable appearance amongst all other birds. While we consider the tail of the houtou blemished and defective, were he to come amongst us he would probably consider our heads, cropped and bald, in no better light." Dr. Murie, writing on the other side, said:—"The story has found credence that they nibble off the occasionally absent vanes of the long middle tail-feathers; but this notion has been contradicted." This brought forth a reply from Mr. Salvin, which can be found in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1873*, and which appears to us to be conclusive. He tells us that he noticed a specimen which lived in one of the cages in the Parrot-house all by itself, and adds, "For a long time its tail had perfect spatules; but towards the end of its life I noticed that the median feathers were no longer trimmed with such precision; and on looking at its beak I noticed that, from some cause or other, it did not close properly, but gaped slightly at the tip, and had thus become unfit for removing the vanes of the feathers." He wrote to Mr. Bartlett on the subject, who replied, "During the several years the mot-mot lived here I had many opportunities of watching its habits, and I have seen the bird in the act of picking off the webs of the central feathers of its tail, and have taken from the bottom of its cage the fragments of web that fell from the bird's bill. As the bird lived here for some years, its bill got rather out of order; that is, it did not close properly at the point; and consequently the picking off the web at last was imperfectly performed, and the two sides of the tail-feather presented an unequal and unfinished appearance." Whether this racket-shaped end to the tail be natural or artificial, it is most noticeable in the specimen at the Zoo. Another peculiarity of the bird, though one not ordinarily visible, is the tongue, which is long, "bifid for half an inch, and feathered at the sides," and much resembles that of the toucan, with which the mot-mots were formerly classed.

The mot-mots are natives of tropical America, their range extending from Mexico, in the North, to Brazil and Paraguay, in the South; they are solitary forest-haunting birds. The following is Waterton's account of their habits, as noticed by him in Demerara:—"He who wishes to observe this handsome bird in his native haunts must be in the forest at the morning's dawn. The houtou shuns the society of man, the plantations and cultivated parts are too much disturbed to engage it to settle there. The thick and gloomy forests are the places preferred by the solitary houtou. In those far-extending wilds, about daybreak, you hear him articulate in a distinct and mournful tone, 'Houtou, houtou.' Move cautiously on to where the sound proceeds from, and you will see him sitting in the underwood, about a couple of yards from the ground, his tail moving up and down every time he articulates 'houtou'; he lives on insects and the berries from the underwood, and very rarely is seen in the lofty trees, except the bastard silolabi-tree, the fruit of which is grateful to him. He makes no nest, but rears his young in a hole in the sand, generally on the side of a hill." In captivity the mot-mot may fairly be

said to be omnivorous, as Dr. Murie tells us that it "will then eat bread, raw meat, oranges, water-melons, small birds, mice, lizards, snakes, cockroaches," &c. He further tells us that "in pouncing on these latter, they afterwards strike them violently against the ground or perch." The bird at the Zoo is not, so far as we are aware, supplied with mice, lizards, or snakes—cockroaches, we should imagine, it could have for the asking, as the large American species commonly known as the "ship's-cockroach" swarms in many of the houses; but the bird's food consists of raw meat, boiled rice, bread, fruit, and vegetables, on which we hope it may live and thrive as well as did its predecessor, mentioned by Messrs. Salvin and Bartlett.

THE FROZEN VACUUM BRAKE.

VII.

THE Report to the Board of Trade by Colonel Rich, giving the results of his inquiry in connexion with the accident that occurred on the 4th March, 1890, at Carlisle, is an extraordinary document—so much so that we must fain interpose our notice of it between the division of our brake-history already published and that which is to follow.

Colonel Rich appears to have conceived theories of his own as to how

(1) The London and North-Western train was prevented, in the first instance, from starting from Euston;

(2) The wheels of one of the carriages became heated between Willesden and Tring; and

(3) The vacuum brake failed to act in approaching Carlisle, and thus came about the collision that followed after the train had run helplessly through the Carlisle station.

We regret to be obliged to come to the conclusion that Colonel Rich's theories are untrustworthy, because

(1) They are not in accordance with, and are in some cases in direct opposition to, the evidence that was adduced;

(2) They do not exhibit a correct appreciation of the way in which the vacuum brake acts; and

(3) They are mechanically unintelligible.

And we proceed to give our reasons from these different points of view.

Beginning with the first page of the Report, we find that Colonel Rich admits that the Gourcock van, which required a sort of bonfire operation before the train could be started, was pretty well covered with ice in its essential parts. Colonel Rich states, "there was ice on the cylinder, air-pipe, and fireway-cock under the floor of the van, which was caused by the splashed water from the engine water-troughs having frozen; and the assistant-examiner proceeded to thaw it by burning some oiled waste under the fireway cock and air-pipe. The brake-blocks were not touching the wheels at the time." He adds "that after the heat was applied for about 1½ minute the gauge acted and the train started." This seems to be proof positive, on the face of it, that frozen water inside—which might have been expected from the external condition—was the reason why, before the burning oil waste was applied, the gauge remained unaffected; and this was also the opinion of the carriage-examiner. It appears in any case to be certain that, when once the parts were thawed, the vacuum was duly formed throughout the train and the train was accordingly started.

The next trouble that occurred was when the train was stopped by the action of the signalman at Tring, in consequence of the wheels of the same van having been found to be red hot and jammed to the brake-blocks, which could not be released from them. In order to account for this state of affairs, Colonel Rich suggests that the van must have been worked by simple vacuum, while the rest of the train was worked by automatic vacuum. If so, the converting handle must have been turned in the wrong direction; but the rear-guard, Armstrong, states (p. 6) in his evidence, "When I examined the train at Tring all the levers on the coaches were standing in the position for the automatic brake to work. The lever-handle on the Gourcock van was in the same position as the rest—namely, for automatic working." And he adds, "I turned all the levers to work simple vacuum from Tring to Rugby; but I had to get the conductor's assistance to turn the one on the coach next to the tender."

Colonel Rich's theory in this respect is also entirely opposed to the evidence (again at p. 6) of the conductor of the train, who said:—"At Tring, where we could not get the brakes off No. 35 (Gourcock) van, the guard and I and two sleeping-carriage attendants went along the train, and moved the levers to change the automatic brake into the simple vacuum brake; but we could not release the brake on 35 van, so we drew the train on to Tring Station with the wheels of the van skidding, and the porter at the station released the pipe and couplings at the back of the vans from the rest of the train. This appeared to ease the brake-blocks, and when the driver drew forward the trailing pair of the van wheels revolved, and as he backed it into the siding the front pair also revolved." The above evidence clearly points to only one solution—namely, that the little pea-sized ball-valve under this van must have been frozen in a position away from its seat. This simple explanation accounts for all that happened, and does so in accordance with the evidence of the men referred to, who were the only available witnesses on this particular subject. It is thus easy to clear up all difficulty as far as Tring

though in doing so we are obliged completely to negative the theory of Colonel Rich. We may safely leave it to our readers to consider whether, as Colonel Rich would have us believe, the officials at Euston must have turned the converting lever under the van in the wrong direction, and have left the Gourcock van to run in a condition of working simple vacuum from Euston to Tring whilst the remainder of the train was working automatic vacuum; or whether those officials, acting as stated in their evidence, performed their duties properly. Considering the amount of ice admitted to have been on the Gourcock van at Euston, it is not impossible to believe that frost might once more have affected the brake on that van between Euston and Tring.

Colonel Rich, however, entirely outdoes himself when he comes to describe what he thinks the driver Rumney did in approaching Carlisle. Colonel Rich's whole theory in that respect is based upon statements which will be found at the bottom of p. 24 and the top of p. 25 of his Report. In making experiments after the accident with a train specially provided for the purpose, he says that he observed that the driver shut off the small ejector at once after making a quick stop at the north of Penrith station; and that the driver replied, when asked why he had done so, that they were directed to shut off the ejector in large stations to prevent noise. On Colonel Rich remarking that the train was not at a large station, he "gathered from his [the driver's] reply that it was his practice to do this." Colonel Rich proceeds to say, "it appears to be the rule to do so," and suggests that this rule should be altered and the practice discontinued. His whole theory of the accident is, as above stated, founded upon this alleged practice, with an unwarrantable addition. He "thinks" "the accident was caused in the following manner:—The engine-driver (Rumney) shut off his small ejector on arriving at Shap summit, and forgot to open it before proceeding on his journey." Even if it was—as deduced from a single instance—the practice for the engine-drivers to shut off the small ejector on every occasion of bringing their trains to a stand, we cannot think that Colonel Rich is justified in assuming that every engine-driver in the London and North-Western service, including Rumney, would do the same. Still less is he justified in coming to the conclusion that Rumney, if he did shut his ejector off at Shap summit, forgot to turn it on again. Such a supposition is, in any case, entirely in opposition to the evidence of the driver Rumney himself, who, when examined by Colonel Rich and asked (p. 13) "Do you recollect whether you shut your small ejector?" replied, "I never shut it off at all that morning, only at Wigan"; and when asked again "Why did you not do it again at Preston?" replied, "Because they break the train at Wigan." Again questioned on the subject, he said, "I left it blowing and went on with my oiling, as we had ninety miles to run." Rumney added, "I am sure I do not make a practice of it; only when I am going to stop a little longer than common." This engine-driver, Rumney, is alleged by the officers of the London and North-Western Company to be one of their best and most experienced men. An engine-driver of this description is the last man in the world to become confused on slight provocation, or even in the case of a serious emergency. His own evidence (p. 13) and the evidence of his fireman lead strongly to the conclusion that he had all his wits about him; and from his statements as to his proceedings from time to time, which were perfectly consistent, it would clearly appear that he did all he could, with the means at his command, for the safety of himself and his train. He was watching his vacuum gauge, and noticing all the incidents of the working of the brake from the time when it first failed him. He had been working the automatic vacuum brake, as long as it had been in use by the Company, and he appeared fully to understand its peculiarities; and yet Colonel Rich, in the face of all the evidence before him, comes to the conclusion that he had forgotten to open his ejector after shutting it—which he says he did not do—at Shap summit; that, in consequence, "when he tested his vacuum at Wood Bank there would be little or none in the pipe," though Rumney states his gauge showed between 21 and 22 inches; that he "then became anxious" and neglected to whistle for the guard's brakes—which is also against the evidence; and that, as a crowning mistake, he took out the pin and altered his lever, so as to work simple vacuum instead of automatic. In this way Colonel Rich believes that Rumney deprived himself of all power of stopping his train; and then—driven hard to get rid of the evidence before him, in order to make his own theory possible—states (at the end of the Report), "I place no reliance on the driver's evidence as to the state of his gauge while descending the Shap. I think that he probably did not observe it till he wanted to use the brake when the train arrived near Carlisle." It is not only against the evidence, but is against probability, and one might almost say against possibility, that an engine-driver of such experience, and in his right mind, running down heavy gradients from Shap to Carlisle, should omit all the way down to pay the slightest attention to the gauge on which, in all such cases, he has to rely for telling him the condition of his brake.

Colonel Rich makes much of the engine-driver—who, he thinks, "got thoroughly confused"—having pulled out a pin to alter his brake-lever, and having turned over the lever completely so as to open the large ejector, and use the steam brake at the same time. The explanation of the driver as to the reason why he did so is perfectly simple. Having first found that his brake would not act as it ought to do, he wished to obtain the utmost efficiency from his steam brake, and at the same time to create a second

vacuum through the pipe, with the view to *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He endeavoured, in fact, as a last resource, to get the brake to work properly by this means; and we feel we cannot do better than adopt the verdict of the Coroner's jury, arrived at after the most careful consideration—namely, "We acquit Rumney of all blame, and are of opinion that he used all available means at his command to stop the train."

But we have now to deal in conclusion with what is the most remarkable part of Colonel Rich's Report, and of his remarks at the inquest. Colonel Rich (p. 17) accuses a jurymen of trying to confuse the jury by mixing up simple brake with automatic brake. He said to a jurymen, "You are also trying to confuse the case by talking of ice being a danger. It is a danger in stopping the train, because the brakes get on, and you cannot get them off. That is the plain fact. You are trying to confuse the matter." But the jurymen was too much for Colonel Rich, by instancing the case of the 3 p.m. train from Holyhead to Crewe, which over-shot the platform at Llandudno Junction on the 11th February, 1889, owing to the failure of the automatic vacuum brake, which was blocked with ice. This he quoted from the Board of Trade Brake Returns. Colonel Rich replied, "I think I inquired into that myself," which turned out afterwards not to be correct.

The difference between Colonel Rich and the jurymen was simply this. Colonel Rich was arguing that with the automatic brake the formation of ice in the pipe might cause the train to be prematurely stopped, but could not be the cause of its failure to act. The jurymen asserted the contrary. In confirmation of this view of the jurymen, we may remind our readers that a few days after this inquiry another series of Brake Returns was published, which we quoted from on the 26th of April. In our article of that day we showed from the Board of Trade Returns five cases of over-running platforms in consequence—as it was variously phrased by the different Companies concerned—either of "accumulation of ice in the vacuum pipe on the engine," or of the "vacuum pipe between the engine and tender being blocked with ice," or the "air-pipe of engine being choked with ice." These are the expressions of the Companies returning the accidents, and they entirely destroy this theory last referred to of Colonel Rich, to the effect that the formation of ice in the pipes and apparatus of the vacuum brake will only cause the train to stop, and will not cause it to over-run at platforms or elsewhere in consequence of its failure to act. As a matter of fact, the formation of ice in the coupling between Rumney's engine and his tender is sufficient amply to account for everything that occurred: We believe, with the jury, that this was the simple explanation of the accident, and we should be sorry to see Rumney himself, who was one of the victims, blamed for a catastrophe which he did his best to avert, but which occurred in consequence of circumstances beyond his control.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE redemption of two millions of Treasury Bills on Tuesday added so largely to the supply of loanable capital in the outside market that rates have been decidedly easier this week. It would seem that the bills were held principally in the outside market, for the "Other Deposits," in which are included the bankers' balances, increased for the week ended Wednesday night, 1,871,000*l*. In consequence, borrowers for the Stock Exchange were able on Tuesday, the first day of the fortnightly settlement, to obtain loans from the bankers and bill-brokers at from 2½ to 2¾ per cent., the average being about 2½ per cent. And the rate of discount in the open market, which on Monday was fully 2 per cent., has since declined to 1½ per cent. Still the Directors of the Bank of England have maintained their rate at 3 per cent. Gold continues to arrive from South America, Portugal, the Far East, and Australia, but a large proportion of the receipts is bought for Paris, and it is feared that, as the time for bringing out the French funding loan approaches, the demand for Paris may largely increase. Besides, there is a general expectation that large amounts of gold will have to be sent to the Argentine Republic. On the other hand, it is to be noted that the outflow of coin to Scotland and the English provinces is not as large as was generally anticipated. At the beginning of May there is always a large demand for Scotland of from half a million to three-quarters of a million; and there is usually, also, a good demand for the provinces and for Ireland. It was thought likely that the outflow would be unusually large this year, since the 6 per cent. rate attracted an exceptionally large amount of gold from the internal circulation to the Bank of England. As yet, however, the outflow is by no means exceptionally large. During the week ended Wednesday night it amounted to no more than 271,000*l*. It is clear, therefore, that the trade demand is not so strong as was generally expected.

The price of silver, which advanced on Saturday last to 47½*d*. per ounce, rose on Thursday to 47½*d*. per ounce; but the market is rather inactive. The Indian banks, having obtained all the means of remittance they needed by their large purchases of late of India Council bills and telegraphic transfers, are not purchasers of the metal; and the speculators in New York appear for the moment to be waiting upon events. The discussion of the Senate Silver Bill in the United States Congress has begun; but the Senators do not appear to have yet come to an agreement

between themselves, and the probability is that the discussion will last for some weeks. Meantime the debate on the Tariff Bill in the House of Representatives delays the introduction of a silver measure into the House, and, therefore, according to all appearance, legislation will not be so rapid as some time ago was anticipated. Still, the expectation is general that a Bill of some kind will be passed, that speculation will become more active than before, and that there will be a further considerable rise. Meanwhile, the stringency in the Indian money market is rapidly passing away.

The fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange this week has shown that the account open for the rise has been considerably augmented. But the increase is not such as to make the account either dangerous or unwieldy. And the temper of the market continues therefore highly speculative. In the American market there has been a further general rise. Here in London speculators are rather more inclined to sell than to buy; firstly, because the Whitsuntide holidays are now close at hand; secondly, because the rise has been so rapid and so continuous that most careful operators distrust its being maintained much longer. Usually when so speculative an advance occurs there is a sharp reaction. But as yet no material decline has occurred. Speculators, therefore, are anticipating that before long there must be somewhat of a fall. And they are strengthened in this belief by the fact that the reserves of the New York Associated Banks are exceedingly low, to some extent owing to the accumulation of money in the treasury, and to some extent also to the large demand of the interior for coin and notes. This demand of itself, no doubt, is an encouraging circumstance, as it tends to show that trade is good. That it is really so is further proved by the large increases in the railway traffic returns all over the country. But while there is some hesitation in London, in America confidence in the continuance of the rise seems to be as great as ever. The leading operators in New York, Boston, and Chicago have been buying for over a year past, and they appear ready to support the market again whenever a reaction seems to be impending. This confidence of American capitalists, if it continues, will probably lead to renewed buying in London and to a further rise. In British Railway Stocks there has been more activity this week than for some time past. On Tuesday Caledonian stocks fell sharply on the rejection of that Company's proposals for the acquisition of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. But on Wednesday there was a recovery, and most home railway stocks rose considerably. This was chiefly due to the belief in the market that the plans of several Companies for dividing their ordinary stocks into Preferred and Deferred Ordinary will be approved by Parliament. The evidence produced in Committee goes to show that Trust Companies are dividing their stocks in such a way as may give the Trust Companies too great an influence over the management of railways. It is contended, therefore, that the Companies must either get power themselves to divide the stocks, or else they must change in some way the voting regulations at meetings. But if the Companies are allowed to split their stocks, the opinion of the market is that it will lead to a great increase in speculative business. The new Preference Ordinary stocks will meet the requirements of investors, while the new Deferred Ordinary stocks will afford a wide field for speculation.

With the exception of Portuguese bonds, international securities have for the most part been very active and firm this week. The chief rise has been in Spanish stocks. The finances of Spain are in a deplorable state, the Government being able to pay its way only by means of excessive borrowing from the Bank of Spain; but the Bank of Spain has practically reached the limit of its note issue, and there is strong opposition in the Cortes to the proposal to allow it to increase its issue. In these circumstances, a fall in Spanish bonds would appear natural; but in the market there is a belief that the great financial houses in London and Paris are about to give assistance to the Bank of Spain, and this belief has caused an extraordinary rise this week, though the Bilbao strikes checked the movement on Thursday. There has also been a sharp recovery in Argentine securities. The crisis in the Argentine Republic is as acute as ever, the difficulties of speculators are growing greater, and it is difficult to see how a collapse can be avoided. But the market persists in the belief that the great financial houses will somehow or other succeed in tiding the Republic over its difficulties. There has been already a very considerable fall in the gold premium, and this encourages the speculators. But the gold premium is again advancing, with considerable fluctuations, no doubt; still the tendency is decidedly upward. Yet the buying of Cédulas and other Argentine securities goes on upon a large scale. The issue on Monday of the prospectus of the Turkish Conversion Loan has been followed by a rise in Turkish stocks; Egyptian bonds are also very firm, and so likewise are Russian. The Russian crops promise to be very large this year. And it is expected that, if the Silver Bill passes in America, the export trade both of the United States and of India will be checked, and consequently that Russia will obtain a material advantage over her two principal competitors. Indian rupee paper and other silver securities have also risen very greatly.

Early in the week there was a sharp rise in the price of copper. The great increase in consumption since the Copper Corner broke down in Paris, little more than a year ago, has raised the price from under 38*l.* per ton to about 53*l.* per ton this week, and although there has been some decline since, the belief of the trade is that

the consumption so largely exceeds the production that there must be a further advance. Indeed it seems clear now that, if M. Secrétan and his supporters had not attempted so much, if they had been satisfied, that is, to take advantage of the natural influences that were operating on the market, and not endeavoured to corner it, they would have succeeded in realizing immense profits. Tin and iron shared in the rise, but they have, like copper, since declined; and the improvement in cotton continues. Taken altogether, the state of trade is fairly satisfactory. It is not improving as rapidly as it did last year, but upon the whole it is good. The railway traffic returns are encouraging.

GLUCK'S ORPHEUS AT CAMBRIDGE.

PROFESSOR STANFORD struck a rich vein when he thought of reviving Gluck at Cambridge. Place and music were both happily found. A University town should be the fittest for such experiments. There, if anywhere, one may reasonably expect an audience not altogether disdainful of what is old, not responsive only to heroic efforts of stage carpentry, and the rarest, loudest, or most costly notes of the human voice. Then, as regards the music, Gluck is wrongly thought of as a dull, dry, primitive, or an empty and sounding formalist. Though a pre-Mozartean, he is rather the end than the beginning of a school of opera—the school of Lulli and Rameau. His work seems simple to us, nowadays, but no more archaic than the Parthenon, or any perfect expression of a dead ideal. Indeed, Gluck has reached perfection in the adjustment of his materials to his own particular idea of the marriage of orchestra and voice, of dramatic accent and melody. To-day many people feel his tunelessness too nakedly exposed, his instrumentation thin and unsuggestive; yet in his own day he was accused of putting the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage. That was the view of men accustomed to sacrifice every possible quality in the combination of song, drama, and instrumentation to the human voice and formal melody. Gluck struck a balance of his own between these various elements. Later men, again, have preferred to overweight their actors and their melodies with a burden of descriptive symphony. To attempt to compare the pleasures given by different ideals of art to variously organized men is like measuring the happiness of different lovers with their mistresses. But we may distinguish the kinds of ideals offered, and of all others Gluck's is the most decidedly dramatic. True, to like it you must learn to sympathize with it, but we should think that an easy lesson for all but the musical pedant. A ceaseless flow of inspired melody, true and unforced dramatic accent, and with this an unequalled stateliness and homogeneity of style, should find favour with the unsophisticated public. Our musical caterers think otherwise. Italian operas, the good and bad, the old and comparatively young, may be repeated to satiety, yet nobody dare touch Gluck. Sir Charles Hallé and Mr. Ganz have tried him in the concert-room, but since Berlioz's attempt at revival of his operas the most dramatic of composers seems absolutely forbidden the stage, at least in England. Professor Stanford thus deserves as much credit for his idea as for the zeal and ability which he has put into its execution. Perhaps his experiment may lead people to discover what they lose when they acquiesce in the banishment of the five great operas of Gluck from the theatre. Let us hope that we may some day hear *Alceste* under the management of Professor Stanford.

Orpheus, which has been played every day at Cambridge, from Tuesday the 13th to Saturday the 17th of May, was well chosen for a beginning. It was the first opera in Gluck's later and grander dramatic style, and it is perhaps the most romantic and gracefully varied of all his works. He reaches a loftier dignity, he strikes the chords of more terrific emotions, in *Alceste* and the two *Iphigenias*, but he is never more seductively romantic than he is in *Orpheus*, unless it be in some parts of *Armida*. Next to Professor Stanford we feel grateful to the courageous amateur who undertook the chief part, that of Orpheus. Orpheus is hardly ever off the stage during the three acts, and sustaining this heavy part at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859 was one of Mme. Viardot Garcia's greatest triumphs. Mrs. Alfred Bovill is too thorough an artist to be flattered. It would be mockery if we said she was faultless. Her voice and her training were not always quite adequate to the heavy task before her. Once or twice her voice gave way, and it was generally under the strain of the great recitatives. She sang the lovely romance in the first act with great taste and feeling; but she was scarcely powerful enough in her rendering of the succeeding recitative, "Ye frowning ministers." It would be impossible to praise too highly her intelligence and her sense of dramatic propriety. Her conception of her part was just, and her dignified and well-studied gestures, as well as her admirable instinct for musical declamation, enabled her to render it so that one hardly noticed the lack of professional sureness and power. We have heard Gluck come very badly out of the trained mouths of tip-top singers who probably regarded him as an archaic writer of ballad-like tunes only fit to show off their machine-made voices and indiscriminate sentimentality. This by no means applies to Mrs. Hutchinson's rendering of the part of Eurydice at Cambridge. Her treatment of the long chain of duets and recitatives which form the third act was carefully studied from the dramatic

point of view. Miss Margaret Davies also did her short part very well, singing the delicate air, "Submit to the trial," in the first act, with an agreeable lightness and piquancy. The truth of the general reading of the whole opera, the character of the accompaniments, symphonies, and choruses, are, of course, mainly due to Mr. Stanford's genuine and artistic comprehension of Gluck's aims; but it is right to say that he was well backed by a conscientious amateur choir and an efficient professional orchestra. In spite of a small stage and the troubles of amateur rehearsal the opera proved interesting as a play. The scenery was well executed by Mr. Helmsey; Mr. Alma Tadema had given some hints as to costumes and colours, which resulted in three or four very well designed groups. The crowd—whether serving as mourners, furies, shades of the blest, or servants of Love—had none of the woodenness, vulgarity, or caricature of the common stage supernumerary. Graceful postures and easy, unnoticeable gestures gave dignity to the pantomimes and the chorus movements. We may say that the opera pleased not only the ear, but the eye.

A STURDY UNIONIST.

["But he would frankly tell the Government that if by this resolution he could turn them out he would do so with the greatest pleasure, because he thought that their proposals were so dangerous to the community as to justify him in running risks on any other subject."—MR. CAINE on the Licensing Bill.]

A STURDY Unionist am I,
My faith is no profession vain;
No man for his would gladlier die
Than honest William Spr-wst-n C-ne.
Yes! those who would divide the realm
My sternest enmity enlist;
England must ever hold the helm—
I am a sturdy Unionist.

Yet is there in my creed set down
One article I needs must rate
Above the Flag, above the Crown,
Above the safety of the State.
The compensation of the "Bung,"
That to the death will I resist,
Though thus the Union's knell were rung—
I'm such a sturdy Unionist.

All, all save that, I would postpone
(I swear it) to my sacred cause.
But—let the tapster call his own
What has been given him by our laws?
And see that publican accurst
Depart with money in his fist?
No! Let the Union perish first!
I'm such a sturdy Unionist.

I know, and I deplore, the fact,
That Irishmen would fain despoil
Their squires, and that the Union pact
Alone avails their plans to foil;
No matter! let the landlords go;
I give them up, bound foot and wrist,
If I may serve our "landlords" so;
For I'm a sturdy Unionist!

To all men else I can be just,
And pay them back what they have paid;
But when you tell me that I must
Indemnify the liquor trade—
Indemnify the Devil's mill
For loss of its unholy grist—
Union be—well, I never will;
That's flat, though I'm a Unionist.

On other subjects I am sane,
In other ways my wits are clear;
I know I've nothing on my brain
Except this single craze of Beer.
But touch me there, and it is strange
How soon I show my mental twist,
And small and great their places change
For me—the sturdy Unionist.

Disruption's perils well I know;
I own them grave; but only think
What risks might come of letting go
Unrobbed the trafficker in drink.
Rather than meet them I would face
All other dangers that exist—
A riven realm, a ruined race—
I'm such a sturdy Unionist.

REVIEWS.

NELSON AND THE NAVAL SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND.*

THERE is to be yet another series, and it is to be called the "Heroes of the Nations." As everything we can think of has been said on the subject of series, we shall merely note the fact, and quote the words in which the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Putnam's Sons, describe the purposes of this last addition to a large family. "In the story form," say they, "the current of each national life is distinctly indicated, and its picturesque and noteworthy periods and episodes are presented for the reader in their philosophical relation to each other as well as to universal history." The series opens with Nelson—a choice with which we have no fault to find—and the life of that hero is written by Mr. Clark Russell, which again is very right and proper. Mr. Clark Russell speaks of himself with so much manly modesty in his preface that, even if we were inclined to recuse him as a biographer, we should be disarmed. "Far abler hands than mine might readily have been found; but I was asked to undertake the work," he says, "and so I thereupon collected all that I regarded as essential to a clear and correct portrait of England's greatest admiral, and I have done my best with what I met with." In other words, Mr. Russell has gone to work like a man of letters, and we are greatly obliged to him for assuming no solemn historical airs. Since he does work in that respectable spirit, we could wish that he had not spoken of Charnock's Life as one of three "rude and primitive biographies" which were "written very shortly after Nelson's death, crowded with inaccuracies conveyed in the diction of Grub Street." Really that is not any way to speak of the author of the *Biographia Navalis* and the *History of Marine Architecture*. Even if he did make mistakes in what was, after all, an obituary notice, there was nothing wonderful in that. "Grub Street," too, and something further on about "catchpennies," annoy us from a literary gentleman who is writing in a popular series—than which nothing can be more Grub Street, according to the more fortunate, decent, and better-paid standard of our time. Let us, please, speak of our less lucky brothers who lived in more evil days without harshness. But for the grace of God, who knows but that Mr. Clark Russell, yea even his reviewer, might have gone to a literary Tyburn even as they did. Is Mr. Clark Russell so sure that ninety years hence his *Nelson* will stand better than Charnock's, or aught of his be quoted as the *Biographia Navalis* is? When a writer, too, assumes these airs of a flogging judge of style, he tempts even a favourable reviewer into reminding him that "seminal principle" and that detestable word "vocational" are the mere pedantry of semi-education. On the other hand, Mr. Russell is too good a writer—certain windy tendencies and a little simple-hearted pomposity to the contrary notwithstanding—to speak with disrespect of such a master as Southey, who also, by the way, did his "little book" as a piece of literary journeyman-work, showing, for the encouragement of us all, that even this may be made immortal literature by him who can use the tools well enough.

Because Southey did this, however, he is a terrible lion in the path of the writer of a short Life of Nelson. It is in vain that you produce new facts or correct old errors. The reader of small books does not want instruction; it is readableness that he longs for, and in that field Southey is bad to beat. A new Life of Nelson might be written—certainly would find a place waiting for it—but it would have to be written by one who knew the general movement of European war and politics, and could make a background out of them and could, in short, show exactly what Nelson contributed to the history of the time. To do this properly would require some space. Mr. Clark Russell makes no pretence of writing any such book. He does, indeed, far less in that way than Southey. What he has given us is Nelson standing, as it were, by himself, with no background but a very slight professional one. Even in that, we may add, there are a few errors of drawing. Mr. Clark Russell's maritime knowledge is a trifle shaky on the naval side. We find him, for instance, describing the *Leander* as "a small frigate." Now the *Leander* was a fifty-gun ship. It is true that she was smaller than some of the finer French-built frigates of the time—smaller than the *Pomone*, for instance, or the *Forte*—but as a fifty-gun ship she was superior to them in more than mere rating. A fifty-gun ship carried her armament on two decks, and could, therefore, deliver a concentrated fire altogether beyond the power of a frigate. She would be considered superior to a vessel of that class, even if their broadsides were of equal weight. For the rest, the *Leander* could not be even poetically described as a small frigate, being a vessel of more than a thousand tons. A small frigate would have measured six or seven hundred. This may be thought to be a mere matter of words, and slightly pedantic. We think it is one of those small things which indicate a good deal—but let that pass. When, however, we find Mr. Clark Russell, not once, but three or four times, saying that we won our victories by boarding, and describing the French as "in gunnery superb as precisionists" (a vile phrase), this is not a matter of words. They are both very bad blunders. From the last he ought to have been saved by the French writer whom he

* *Horatio Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England.* By W. Clark Russell. With collaboration of W. H. Jaques, U.S.N. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1890.

rather curtly describes as Gravière, meaning thereby Admiral Jurien de la Gravière of the Academy. The fact is, on the contrary, that all through the revolutionary war the gunnery of the French was detestable, and it had been very second-rate even when their fleet was at its best during the American rebellion. They took, as a rule, twice as long to fire as we did, and aimed about half as well. This partly explains what so naturally puzzles Mr. Clark Russell—namely, the comparatively trifling loss of the English fleet at the Nile. The remainder of the explanation is to be found in the fact that we anchored with a spring in the cable on the bow and quarter of the French, whereby we were able to bring the whole of our own broadsides to bear, while only coming under a part of theirs. If Mr. Clark Russell had not decided—rather strangely—that the old naval tactics were not worth talking about, he might have made this much clear. As for boarding, Lord Collingwood would have told him that we always carefully avoided it, as being generally unfavourable to us, except in cutting-out affairs against small ships, when dealing with the French, whatever we might permit ourselves against an occasional Spaniard, until we had battered the enemy to a standstill. The reason was simple. The enemy was always crowded with men, whereas we never carried more than would just serve to man the guns and trim the sails. It is, therefore, inaccurate, though picturesque, to say:—"Yet it was by the thrust of the pike, the deadly swing of the tomahawk or the cutlass, the daring hurricane leap from bulwark to bulwark, the impetuous and irresistible rush along the enemy's deck, the red-hot hand-to-hand conflict swiftly terminated—by these means it was the British sailor achieved those issues which the true-born Englishman has a right to boast of and to proudly recall." No, Mr. Clark Russell, we assure you, it was not. It was by craftily getting on the bow or quarter, by pushing under the lee, so that the enemy bent down and wasted shot in the water, while we bent back, and could make every shot tell, by firing three broadsides in two minutes, aimed low like the historic decanter—that is how the trick was done. Boarding between big ships, as Marryat would have told you, generally ended in what the Westminster boy calls a "grease"—a mere affair of shoving with the shoulder, in which weight and numbers told. A brutal, stupid business, very inferior to the proper artistic combination of seamanship and gunnery. It is, indeed, a mistake which influences all Mr. Clark Russell's book for evil, that he has persuaded himself that the tactics and generalship (one cannot say admiralship, or one would) of Nelson are too antiquated to be worth discussing in these days of steam and monster guns. The great principles of war are always the same, and to the end of time Nelson will be as much a master and inspirer to the seaman as Alexander and Hannibal are still to the soldier. Mr. Clark Russell belittles his hero when he talks of him as if he merely went ahead at them without thinking. No man ever did that less—not even Frederick when he went at the Austrians at Leuthen with his magnificent combination of calculation and daring. We protest, too, against the same sneer at Captain Manley Dixon, of the *Lion*, for declining to lay the *William Tell* on board, as showing that he wanted "the Nelson touch." With a small, undermanned 64 Manley Dixon would have been a madman to lay on board an 80-gun ship crammed with fighting-men. He did exactly the right thing by keeping on her bow and stopping her way till bigger ships came up. What Nelson called, in his frank vanity, the Nelson touch was just the consummately good management by which he contrived to be superior at the point of attack.

One should never be weary in well doing, and therefore we have preached the true faith at some length to Mr. Clark Russell. Now the place has been reached at which it is proper to say that his book is very readable and has many merits. His treatment of the Lady Hamilton episode, about which it is so very easy to be either mawkish or offensive, is excellent. Nothing is shirked, and nothing is unduly dwelt on. It is treated from first to last, at all the length it deserves, as a healthy-minded man, free both from cant and prudery, should treat it. The simple forms of life which have supplied Mr. Clark Russell with the characters of his excellent novels have, perhaps, hardly prepared him to deal with such a curious form of humanity as that typical eighteenth-century diplomatist and man of the world, Sir William Hamilton. He is taken in by the excellent comedy, which the wily old man, decent and careful, utterly immoral, but averse to public scandal, played on his death-bed. He was a very clever old heathen, and even now his wiles work. Depend upon it, when Sir William Hamilton decided, for purposes of convenience, to marry the mistress whom he had bought from his nephew, he also made his mind up to accept the consequences, and when they came he played the part of the happiest of the three with philosophy. Besides, it is on record that he did give Emma a smart rebuke when she was going so far as to disturb the comfort of his old age. We should like to have seen his face when he joined the hands of Nelson and Emma before departing. The thing was, no doubt, perfectly done. It is quite natural that Mr. Clark Russell should think his hero ill-treated because he was not immediately appointed to another ship when the commission of the *Boreas* came to an end. As a sailor he would be failing in his duty if he did not—the Admiralty in heaps. As a matter of fact, Nelson's luck was immense, and the Admiralty could not be prophets. There were innumerable respectable officers who had served with credit to provide for. A little frothy explosion about "pimps" and Court favourites, &c.

&c., who were given commands while England's darling was left on shore, we put down to the taste of this time. Has Mr. Clark Russell looked up the navy lists for those years, and traced the officers in command through their previous service? If he had, he would have found, we imagine, that most of them were respectable officers who had served with credit. For the rest, we allow that the behaviour of the Admiralty was often bad, but then Nelson was trying. Mr. Clark Russell is not, we acknowledge, besotted about his hero. He can see that Nelson was often unreasonable and childish, that his behaviour at Naples on his return from the Nile was at moments hardly sane, and was often unworthy of a great officer in a great command. To Keith his behaviour was of a kind which would have brought upon a smaller man an order to haul his flag down, and the loss of any chance of ever hoisting it again. In dealing with the Caracciolo business Mr. Clark Russell is rather uncertain in his handling. He touches lightly, and skips a good deal; but what he says is judicious, and what we suspect he thinks is sound sense. Far be it from us to blame him for skipping. Why should any man, unless provoked thereto in the way of critical duty, by foolish gabble, dwell on what is discreditable in the life of one to whom his country owes an immense debt of gratitude for service done and a magnificent example left for imitation?

BEATRICE.*

THE Muse of Mr. Rider Haggard is happiest when she is expatiating beyond the bounds of known romanticism. As Mr. Stanley and other travellers cut the soil from under her feet, she may be compelled to find hunting grounds in some other planet, in a star where people live and love and fight, especially fight, but not under modern conditions. Mr. Haggard's new tale, *Beatrice*, is a tale of to-day, and of England and Wales; the subject, too, might have been revelled in by any "naturalistic" novelist. We have merely the story of how a married barrister and member of Parliament loved the daughter of a starving Welsh parson. It is a tale of love that never found its earthly close, but even here the author has been unable, or unwilling, to confine himself within normal limits. There is a touch of abnormal experience, of mystic influence, such as many people believe in, but few people know more of by actual test than of manners in Kamtschatka. Mr. Haggard thus frees himself from the distasteful limits of the everyday world, which, otherwise, is too much with his characters. It would not be quite fair to narrate the plot, and disentangle the net of fate in which Beatrice and her lover, Geoffrey Bingham, are bound. The earlier chapters are perhaps the best, for they pass in the open air, and contain a good adventure, where that old friend of novelists, the rising tide, is employed in a fresh and exciting way. Beatrice rescues Geoffrey, who has been shooting plovers; and then we are introduced to Geoffrey's wife, Lady Honoria, and to Beatrice's admirer, Owen Davis. Lady Honoria is a lady *fin de siècle*; passionate, proper, extravagantly fond of luxury, and mated with a struggling barrister. Beatrice's lover is a dour Welshman with no education, and only one idea—to marry Beatrice. He reminds the experienced novel-reader more or less of Mr. Bruce, the gloomy Scotch amorist in a romance "of ancientry," *Guy Livingstone*. Owen Davis, with his gradual decline into a madness, half erotic, half religious, is a firmly designed, though highly repulsive, character; and Lady Honoria, though certainly drawn "from the outside," and without sympathy, is a very possible woman of the world. Perhaps the best person in the book is Beatrice's father, the Rev. Mr. Granger, a Welsh parson who is half a peasant, and whose life is made a burden to him by his parishioners' refusal to pay tithes. Mr. Granger at a large London dinner-party, with a bishop for a neighbour, is an amusing study, and fits the time. But Mr. Haggard's own favourite is, of course, his beautiful heroine, who is pure and high-souled, and the victim naturally of religious doubts, and of a love which is neither sanctioned by society nor capable of any happy, nor in any way acceptable, conclusion. There are extremely touching moments in the passion of Beatrice, especially in her interview with the child who has been driven half-mad by a Revivalist preacher. The end of her adventures may affect even the unemotional reader who has followed her so far; for Beatrice is a character of a large tragic type, *égérée* among little folk and miserable circumstances. Perhaps the chief fault which a not unfriendly or uninterested critic will find with the book is the character of Geoffrey Bingham. This successful lawyer, enthusiastic sportsman, and budding politician is by no means on the same plane as Beatrice. Women do love men very much beneath them; but the spectacle of this decline is never agreeable to other men. We are often told that Geoffrey is a person of great power, great eloquence; but we do not gather that impression from his conduct. When he is irritated with Beatrice the passion of jealousy makes him, if not girlish, certainly schoolboyish and offensive in language and demeanour. He is not worthy of her love and sacrifice; perhaps we are meant to think him unworthy, and that is to be the most tragic part of the tragedy. The waste, the ruin of so high a heart, of such an affection, so passionate, and in deed and intent so pure, is made more conspicuous, perhaps, by the failure of Geoffrey to interest

* *Beatrice*. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

us. For the other characters, there is the spiteful, jealous sister of tradition; there is a cleverly-touched old boatman; and there is a child, who does not strike us as a complete success. There is also a depraved young nobleman, Lady Honoria's brother, who much resembles the same sort of person as described by Mr. Henry James. He is "naturalistic," and perhaps he is not out of nature; but he is no ornament to an hereditary Legislature. Boys will regret to learn that there is not a fight in the book, that only one person falls by another's hands, that there is no hidden treasure, and that all the characters are white men and women. It is in the strong scenes that Mr. Haggard is best; he has told a tale of passion, and the passion is felt and is real. The lawless love that scorns to break the law, the wilful wasted sacrifice, are true to the truth of life. We shall not criticize the touches of the psychical, as the psychical is a matter in which there is infinite room for discordance of tastes. Nor shall we comment on the style of the most highly-wrought passage; it is a success if the reader is carried away on the tide of the story; if not, not. This is probably the best of the author's novels in which we are not in Africa.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.*

THE History of the University of Dublin from 1591 to 1800, by J. W. Stubbs, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, is a work for which it seems strange that we should have had to wait till the end of the nineteenth century. For the history is one which is far fuller of incident than that of either Oxford or Cambridge; and though as regards antiquity Dublin may compare unfavourably with the two great English Universities, it may nevertheless be said in its defence that neither Oxford nor Cambridge was a University according to the modern meaning of the word before the revival of learning at the end of the sixteenth century, and that Trinity College, Cambridge, of which Trinity College, Dublin, may almost in its earlier years be called a colony, only came into being in 1546.

Trinity College, which was incorporated as "the Mother of a University," owed its origin to three men—Luke Chaloner, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; James Hamilton and James Fullerton, Scotchmen, who were sent over to reside in Dublin in order to forward the interests of James VI., and to secure his succession when Elizabeth should die. All three were ready to forward the designs of Archbishop Adam Loftus when he undertook the foundation of a new University. All three, we may remark, were men of considerable ability. Chaloner evidently was the backbone of the College during its early years, and, though married and non-resident, was, by a privilege akin to the Athenian one of taking meals in the prytaneum, "allowed his diet at the College charges whenever he shall think fit to take it in the College, and further, 20*l.* per annum, to be paid quarterly, &c." Of his colleagues, Hamilton was knighted, obtained for the College the grant of the Ulster lands from James I., obtained considerable estates in that province for himself, and was raised to the peerage as Viscount Clanboynne. Fullerton was also knighted, attached to the Court of James, and sent as Ambassador to France. We may add that the first scholar of the College was James Ussher, afterwards Primate of Ireland.

The College seems to have rapidly increased in numbers, as we find that in February 1629-30 it applied to the Government for one of the disused "Mass-houses," and indeed a new "succursal" college seems to have been established; but evil days were soon to come. Laud and Strafford were rough nurses to the infant University, and when the rebellion broke out, "the rents of the College from its Ulster lands practically ceased, and no receipts of the Munster rents appear for some years in the Bursar's books." In place of these we find in the Bursar's books such lamentable entries as—

		£	s.	d.
1546.	Aug. 16. Received for Mr. Courtenay's flagon, which was coined	15	16	6
	Oct. 3. Received for a piece of plate which was broken up and coined to supply the College with provisions against the approaching siege (it had been presented by Sir Robert Trevor, of Trevilla, Co. Denbigh, Governor of Newry, a former benefactor of the College)	30	19	8
	10. Received for Sir Richard Wren's College pott	18	3	6

The College seems to have existed for several years, during the troublous times of the struggle between the Crown and the Long Parliament, chiefly by pawning and selling its plate, and by appealing to public subscriptions to enable the community to keep together. It must be remembered that in the early part of the seventeenth century there were no means of investing money at interest except by the purchase of land, and that it was the custom to keep sums of money in the form of plate, which could be readily converted into coin. However, the ancient College plate all went to the melting-pot, and, in spite of allowances—first from the Marquess of Ormonde, and subsequently from the Parliamentary Governor of Dublin, we find in the Bursar's book, November 20, 1648, the following entry:—"The receipts and disbursements of the last year being made equal, there remained in the trunk for the

beginning of the next year the sum of nine pounds and sevenpence." When after all this suffering we add that the Plague raged in Dublin with great violence in 1650, killing, among others, Bishop Martin, the bold Provost who had the courage to read the "Order of Common Prayer" in the College Chapel after it had been forbidden by the Commissioners of the English Parliament, we have enumerated a catalogue of misfortunes enough to crush any institution not possessed of strong inherent vitality. The numbers soon after 1652 began to increase; the finances were restored, the Restoration replaced Ormonde as Chancellor, and appointed Jeremy Taylor as Vice-Chancellor. From this era dates also the celebrated College pump.

Either James II. must have been, as Macaulay insinuates, stricken with judicial blindness, or he must have been the worst-served monarch who ever reigned. With his proceedings at Magdalen College, Oxford, most readers of Macaulay's *History of England* will be familiar; but it is almost incredible that, after outraging the Fellows of Magdalen in April 1687, by attempting to force them to elect such a man as Anthony Farmer as President, he should, in the following February, have endeavoured, in exactly similar fashion, to force the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to elect to a Fellowship one Bernard Doyle, "an usher in a school in Drogheda, where he had two illegitimate children, besides being guilty of theft, drunkenness, and other crimes." We must admire the courage of the Provost and Fellows in resisting the Royal mandate, when we consider that four months previously they had seen the Fellows of Magdalen turned out of their house for similar resistance. However, it seems that James's candidate was so outrageously bad that even the King himself, on learning his true character, became ashamed of him, and took no further steps; indeed, his own time was drawing short.

During the residence of James II. in Dublin, in 1689 and 1690, Trinity College ceased to exist, until the Battle of the Boyne brought back the Fellows from their hiding-places in England, and drove away the garrison which had been quartered in their buildings. Henceforth the history of the University is one of more or less peaceful development. Disagreements have arisen from time to time among the governing body; but the most remarkable peculiarity of the College during the last century was certainly the rowdiness of its younger members, who in one instance shot an obnoxious junior Fellow dead as he stood at his bedroom window. Minor riots seem to have been of almost daily occurrence. We read with wonder how the undergraduates "stoned the Dean out of the Hall, breaking into his rooms, and destroying everything in them. They contrived to ravage other parts of the College, until the middle of the night, evidently endangering the life of the person who was the object of their resentment." This was in 1730; and that things had not altered much half a century later may be gathered from a letter of Dr. Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, who was elected to a Fellowship in 1788. When he became Junior Dean he writes:—

What a situation this must be, surrounded by eight hundred restless, and many of them mischievous, blades, continually mixing in one mass, you may form a conjecture, but that conjecture will be far short of the reality. I was not two days in office when I was obliged to sally out at eleven at night from a warm room, and under a heavy cold, to put a stop to a battle between a body of our unsanctified youths and a body of the police. After plunging through the dirty streets on a very wet night for more than an hour, I raked them all into the College; some out of the watch-house, and some out of the kennel.

One is reminded of the exquisitely ludicrous "Gazette" of a row in "Old Trinity," given in *Charles O'Malley*, written in parody of the great Peninsular sieges, with the "false attack on the Provost's garden, to be turned into a real one if the ladies should scream," &c. Yet, with all its turbulence—which, in a sort, may be taken as a sign of vigorous life—Dublin University was, even during the restricted period with which Mr. Stubbs deals, "native of famous wits." The "great" Mr. Congreve's reputation may be a trifle rusty nowadays; but Burke, Goldsmith, and Swift are names of which any University might well be proud, even though the latter "eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman narrowly escaped plucking when at Dublin." It is curious to find that Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, the joint authors of the *New Metrical Version of the Psalms*, so long in use in the Church of England, were both of them graduates of Dublin; and Mr. Stubbs's "University Records" contain so many notable names that it would be invidious to select any for especial mention.

Mr. Stubbs's History does not profess to be an architectural one, and his account of the fabric certainly does not err on the side of prolixity. He has collected all the leading facts connected with the various buildings on the banks of the Liffey, in which the University has at one time and another been housed, but he has made one serious omission. He has not given a distinct plan of the present buildings on the old site, and his plan of "Trinity College as it was in 1750" is all that those who are strangers to Dublin can find to help them to form an idea of the scene of the book, with the exception of the piece of Speed's still older map, which forms the frontispiece. It appears, however, that every vestige of the older parts of the College has been carefully destroyed, and that no part of the existing buildings is old enough to have been standing in the time of Dean Swift. It may be that Mr. Stubbs's work is mainly addressed to members of Dublin University, to whom the topography would be familiar; but many of them, one would think, would like to see the history of

* *The History of the University of Dublin from 1591 to 1800*. By J. W. Stubbs, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.; London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

the fabric discussed at greater length, however busy "restoration" may have been with it. In all other respects, however, we think that Mr. Stubbs has deserved well of the College of which he is a member.

DORSET CHURCH PLATE.*

IT is much to be desired that all writers and compilers of books on ecclesiastical and ecclesiological matters should be induced to go about their work as systematically as Mr. Nightingale. Taking the county of Dorset by its rural deaneries, he distributed the supervision of each to a competent inquirer, and arranged that the silver remaining in about three hundred parishes, comprising the archdeaconry of Dorset in the diocese of Salisbury, should be carefully examined and reported upon. The result is eminently satisfactory, nothing of importance being omitted, and everything being put in its proper place. It is curious to observe that only three pieces of church plate which were in use before the Reformation are still devoted to the same purpose in Dorset—namely, two chalices at Coombe Keynes and Sturminster Marshall, the first dating from about 1500, and the other bearing the hallmark of 1536; and a paten at Buckhorn Weston, which may be as old as the year 1510. The Elizabethan reformers had a strong antipathy to the use of the old "massing stuff," and required where they had the power the substitution of "decent communion cups" for mediæval chalices. Nevertheless, a larger number of old examples have of late years been identified than were previously known to exist; and twenty-seven chalices with about seventy-five patens have so far been found all over England. More may yet come to light; and in the treasury of Salisbury Cathedral a chalice and paten are preserved which were discovered in the tomb of Bishop Longespée, who died in 1297. A chalice was till lately in continuous use from the thirteenth century at Berwick St. James's, in Wiltshire. There are not many specimens so ancient to be seen; and in Dorset most of the church plate dates from about the year 1576. Mr. Nightingale remarks on the fact that no fewer than one hundred and four parishes in the county have chalices with the paten covers belonging to them, ranging between 1562 and the end of the century, and all designed very closely after the same pattern. The prevalence of local plate marks is an interesting feature of the Dorset silver. They are, of course, more or less puzzling and difficult to identify; but Mr. Nightingale sees in one of them signs of Salisbury manufacture, though he does not account for this particular stamp occurring only in Dorset.

The great advantage of the publication of such a volume as this is, that it renders the comparative treatment of the whole subject more possible. When we know as much about all English parishes and their plate as we know about those which have come under Mr. Nightingale's observation, we shall be able to treat with certainty many questions now almost unanswerable. Unfortunately, careful and painstaking, accurate and exact work is rare. Twenty writers will take church bells in hand for one who can treat the subject with knowledge. It would be easy to mention other similar subjects of a secondary character—epitaphs, for instance, or the classification of mouldings since the Gothic period, or the study of schools of illumination, which still wait for the labour of some mind acquainted with the largest view of the questions involved, but willing to concentrate itself on a single branch. Mr. Nightingale seems to have undertaken the work before him with a certain hesitation, perhaps even reluctance. He had, so to speak, many other irons in the fire. He had numerous other interests. He has not been a prolific writer; for work such as he produces cannot be turned out in large quantities, and it has been wrought in antiquarian fields widely different from those which are represented in this volume. But it would be impossible not to commend the result. Here and there an evident attempt at brevity interferes with the clearness of a sentence, and there is a compressed air very visible on almost every page. The book, we may say at once, is not exactly calculated for reading out in the family circle. But it has merits of a different kind, and, merely looked upon as a model on which future volumes may be formed, it should prove very useful. An example of its singular completeness comes to us at once when we go into particulars. Everybody who has read about church plate has read about the chalice at Wylde, in Wiltshire. Mr. Nightingale has naturally some remarks to make about one of the two oldest chalices in Dorset—that of Sturminster, already mentioned—and we read that the present stem has been substituted for an older one, which must have resembled that of the Wylde chalice. We may not accurately recollect that remarkable cup; but Mr. Nightingale, like a thoroughly good editor, takes care we can make no mistake by subjoining to his cut of the Sturminster example another one of the cup at Wylde.

In the same Sturminster, we may note among the curiosities mentioned in the book a paten of the year 1717, which bears the arms of the Wentworth family. Mr. Nightingale tells us it was made by William Gamble, a silversmith of Cranborne Alley, to whom at the time William Hogarth was apprenticed "to that branch of the trade which consists in engraving arms and ciphers upon plate." Mr. Nightingale, whose judgment in a matter of this kind is unerring, sees Hogarth's hand in the work on this

chalice, the pattern of which he further traces in the picture of the "Sleeping Congregation." At Wareham we have a gratifying, but by no means singular, example of the restoration of old silver to the parish to which it originally belonged. An Elizabethan chalice of 1574 was given back to the church by Mr. Montague Guest, and a paten of 1662 was restored at the same time. Mr. Nightingale tells us in his preface, as a set-off to these examples, of a chalice of 1517 which is now in private hands, but bears "the almost pathetic inscription, 'Restore-mee-to-leyland-in-Lankeshire.'" Examples of genuine work by the famous Paul Lamerie, of London, who attained such eminence in the middle of the eighteenth century, are not common among church plate; but, owing to the munificence of Mrs. Strangways Horner, who was interested in four Dorset parishes at that period, fine examples of his work may be identified in all of them. Mr. Nightingale does not omit to tell us that the lady was connected with Sir Giles Strangways of Abbotsbury, one of the Dorset Commission sent, in 1552, to make an inventory of parochial plate. He allowed "one chalice, all gilt, with the paten of silver," as sufficient for the parish. This old chalice, with the date 1574, has disappeared for half a century; but in 1748 Mrs. Strangways Horner, the widow of Thomas Horner of Mells, and the descendant and heiress of Sir Giles Strangways, presented a massive service of silver gilt, and subsequently a knife in a richly embossed sheath. It is curious, by the way, that we do not oftener hear of a knife as part of the altar equipment. Not content with this gift, Mrs. Horner further presented sets, more or less alike, to Stinsford, to Melbury Sampford, and to Melbury Osmund. "Her first gift," says Mr. Nightingale, "of plate to Stinsford Church in 1737 was made wholly by Paul Lamerie, and the rest were all copied exactly from his designs, although in a few cases made by other hands." To each church a knife was also given, and to Melbury Sampford an oblong silver box for bread. In this last-named parish, now the chief residence of the Ilchester family, there is a considerable quantity of old church silver, the gift of Mrs. Horner not having been allowed to supersede what was older. It may interest more than custodians of church plate to know how Paul Lamerie would have had it cleaned. At Stinsford, in an oak box fitted to receive the service, are preserved "Directions to keep the Gilt Plate clean, from the Silversmith that made it." These directions, in days of plate-powder and other devices for spoiling delicate chasing, seem marvellously simple:—"Clean now and then with only warm water and soap, with a Sponge, and then wash it with clean water, and dry it very well with a soft Linnen Cloth, and keep it in a dry place, for the damp will spoyle it." Such rules as this might well be hung up in every pantry where there is silver to be "spoyled."

Among the curious or remarkable pieces mentioned, and some of them illustrated, we may particularize a few, taken as they come, premising that it is hardly possible to dip anywhere into the book without coming upon something worthy of note. A very odd-looking chalice is at Wraxall. It would almost appear to have been locally made for local use, and has a very venerable appearance. Mr. Nightingale only dates it about 1620, but says that in design it differs from any other in the country. No description would do it justice; but from the woodcut we might assign the workmanship to a village blacksmith. Somewhat similar in its simplicity is a paten at Whitchurch Canoncorum. It bears no marks, and is roughly hammered out of plate-silver of some thickness. Mr. Nightingale thinks it was of home manufacture, but hesitates to assign it a date more precise than "some time in the seventeenth century." There is an excellent woodcut of the well-known Coombe Keynes chalice, a worthy rival of that of Wylde in the neighbouring county, already mentioned. The date is about 1500, perhaps earlier; but the piece bears no marks. There is, perhaps, no ancient cup so often imitated for modern use, and it is very satisfactory to have an authoritative engraving of it. It differs essentially from the chalice at Wylde in having no inscription on the bowl. We are surprised to observe that the parish is not credited with any other silver, except a paten of 1726. A very pretty set is at Swanage, presented to the parish in 1693, and worthy of the time of Vynar; but we are not told to what maker a mark consisting of three storks in a shield is to be attributed. The acanthus leaves, gadroon mouldings, and spiral fluting of both cup and chalice are extremely good. Among the eight Tarrants, one, Tarrant Crawford, is remarkable in the county as the only parish where the sacred vessels are wholly of pewter. This was the parish to which the great Richard Poore, the Bishop who founded Salisbury Cathedral, retired to die in 1237. It now comprises a population of sixty-one persons, and yields its rector the poetical, if otherwise deficient, income of 40*l.* a year.

THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA.*

IT is hard for the traveller, who, in the heat of a Canadian summer, watches the St. Lawrence sweeping on by the wharves of Montreal, to believe that in less than six months the broad stream will be so completely frost-bound as to make a safe bridge from bank to bank. A yet stronger demand is made upon his

* *The Ice Age in North America and its Bearing upon the Antiquity of Man.* By G. Frederick Wright, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

* *Church Plate of Dorset.* By J. E. Nightingale. Salisbury: Bennett.

faith when he is told by the geologist that glaciers once occupied the site of the town, and that he might have gazed from the summit of Mount Royal upon another Greenland. Yet the one statement is as true as the other. Making all allowance for exaggeration, it is a fact that at no very remote epoch of geological history a considerable portion of Northern America was buried beneath an ice-sheet, and the glaciation of this continent is even more astonishing than that of Europe. On this subject, as Dr. Wright states in his preface, facts have accumulated so rapidly during the past decade that a book on the subject is a widely-felt want. "So great," he says, "has been the progress, that we may now safely assume that future discussions will pertain mainly to the details of the subject. We now know from actual observation the limits and prominent characteristics of the glaciated area on this continent. The Glacial age of North America is no longer a theory, but a well-defined and established fact."

The last statement is indubitable; but the interpretation of the observations may still be subject to more revision than the author appears to think, for he certainly is not open to the charge of understating either the extent or the efficacy of ice. This, in a few words, is his picture of the condition of Northern America during the Glacial age. Canada was practically buried beneath an ice-sheet. Huge moraines, indicating its terminal boundaries, can be traced in Iowa, and thence south of the Great Lakes, through Ohio and Pennsylvania. They reach in places to the south of the fortieth parallel of latitude; the land to the north of this boundary is strewn with boulders, which can be traced sometimes to sources hundreds of miles away. South of it a large district is covered by drift, which is regarded as, directly or indirectly, the result of ice-work. Moreover, as the great ice-sheet advanced from the north, and again as it retreated thither, the courses of the rivers, which now flow northward, must have been obstructed, great lakes must have been formed by the margin of the ice-sheet, and ultimately must have overflowed in a southerly direction, thus reversing the drainage in this region, and greatly augmenting the volume of those rivers, which were following a southward course. "Thus, from the beginning of the Glacial period to its close, the Mississippi river must have been the channel through which was carried off the waste water from the larger part of the Dominion of Canada as well as from the central portion of the United States." Then it must have received the water from Lake Superior and Michigan; while the Ohio river carried off that from Huron and Erie. Under these circumstances, in the author's opinion, floods of exceptional magnitude would occur, and to these he attributes some of the high-level gravels. He admits, however, that the existence of this great lake is at present somewhat hypothetical; but even if this can be established, we think it doubtful whether flood-waters could deposit gravels such as he describes. They occur in terraces, at heights sometimes 150 feet above the present river level; thus indicating, in the author's opinion, the enormous volume of the streams at this period. The terraces, doubtless, are indicative of flooded waters; but it would seem more probable that, when they were deposited, the beds of the rivers were on a higher level, the channels having since been deepened or cleaned out. This seems certainly to be the case in North-Western Europe. We doubt whether any geologist would now contend that the gravels of St. Acheul were deposited by a Somme, the depth of which was a hundred feet.

Dr. Wright considers glaciers to have been erosive agents of great efficacy, though in these regions of brief duration. "The extreme length of pre-glacial as compared with post-glacial time is evident from the enormous extent of pre-glacial erosion. . . . The post-glacial gorge of Niagara is but seven miles long; whereas the pre-glacial gorge of Ohio is both wider and deeper than that, and is more than a thousand miles in length." To the Glacial period he assigns a date comparatively recent; for in his opinion erosion during the period when the climate was changing from glacial to existing conditions would be much more rapid than it is at present. Even in this case, he thinks, it has generally been underrated. For instance, the Falls of Niagara were formerly supposed to recede not more than a foot in a year. This rate would place the beginning of the gorge at least thirty-five thousand years ago. More careful observations, according to Dr. Wright, indicate that the recession may be as much as five times the above amount, and the excavation of the gorge be brought within a period of about seven thousand years. Other observations lead to similar conclusions, so that he is disposed to differ from the majority of geologists, and regard the Glacial era as one comparatively recent. If, however, it comes so near to the beginning of history, it is surely strange that myth and tradition give us no hint of any climatal amelioration. The cause of the Glacial era is discussed at considerable length. This, according to the author, more probably resulted from terrestrial modifications, especially a general upheaval of land in the Northern Hemisphere, than from alterations in the form of the planet's orbit and of its position therein. It is evident that in forming this conclusion Dr. Wright is, to a certain extent, influenced by his opinion as to the date of the era.

The section which deals with primeval man in America and his relation to the Glacial era is interesting as a succinct account of the various finds of palæolithic instruments. Dr. Wright, while suspending his judgment as to the occurrence of human remains in the older "placer" gravels of California, holds that man was certainly present in America when the ice began its

retreat northward, which, however, as stated above, would not indicate a period so very remote.

Dr. Wright has not succeeded in wholly avoiding a fault common in writers on the Great Ice Age. The coldness of the subject handled seems to drive the blood from the extremities to the brain, and they become enthusiastic believers in the prevalence and the potency of ice. In books of this kind we desiderate the spirit of a judge who states facts and the arguments on either side; we are too apt to find only the partisanship of the advocate. It will be enough to bring forward two instances from the present work. One is in discussing the formation of "cirques." Dr. Wright begins with a misstatement, that cirques are confined to glaciated districts. It is, indeed, true that large cirques do ordinarily so occur; but the same might be said of deep gorges and other like phenomena. They are inseparable from mountain ranges, and of these the best known are associated with glaciers. But there is a cirque in the Jura, where the existence of a glacier, so far as we are aware, has not been demonstrated; and there were, and doubtless still are, cirques in the sand-cliff east of Bournemouth which differed only from the most typical Alpine examples in their diminutive size and the comparative incoherence of their walls. The mechanical difficulties of the formation of cirques by glaciers have been fully indicated. It has been pointed out, we think unanswerably, that, if glaciers made the Alpine and Pyrenean cirques, they must also have excavated the valleys with which they are connected. These difficulties are quietly ignored by Dr. Wright, who says no more than that one author has disputed the hypothesis. The other instance is the alleged excavation of the Alpine lakes by glaciers. Here, too, the maxim "Audi alteram partem" is disregarded, and the usual aliphod method of reasoning is exhibited—namely, that, as it is admitted that a glacier, under very favourable circumstances, may excavate a small and shallow rock basin, therefore, under circumstances wholly dissimilar, it can dig out one both large and deep. Here, too, we look in vain for any statement of the arguments of the opponents of the glacier erosion theory, who, from their knowledge of mountain regions, deserve something better than to have it insinuated that they are writers "given to solving the mysteries of Nature in their closets."

A similar course is taken with regard to one or two other controversial questions, where the opinions of extreme glacialists are quoted as if they had never been questioned by competent authorities. This method of dealing with the subject, so far as it affects Europe, naturally shakes the reader's confidence in statements regarding regions which he cannot examine for himself, and so materially affects the value of the book. Its author is evidently defective in the critical faculty, so it must be taken, like a very similar book relating to Great Britain—*The Great Ice Age*—with a very large grain of salt. Still, notwithstanding this very serious drawback, Dr. Wright's work is of value, for it brings together in a convenient form a considerable mass of details, and presents us with a picture, possibly, indeed, somewhat over-coloured, of a remarkable epoch in the past history of North America. The book is well printed, is furnished with some useful maps and a number of excellent illustrations of glacial phenomena, which in most instances are repetitions of photographs, and so give no opportunity for inaccuracies.

RECORDS OF A QUAKER FAMILY.*

"CULTURE-HISTORY," both in England and America, owes no slight debt to the busy biographical pens of the Quakers. As George Fox and his earliest group of enthusiastic disciples had no doubt that they were the inspired agents of God for beginning a new epoch in the history of mankind, everything that was thought, said, done, or suffered by them seemed to them to be exceptionally deserving of record. They could not describe the Lord's dealings within them, and His witness through them to the world, without some elucidatory description of their social, political, and religious surroundings. This incidental part of their work, although they regarded it as least important, has supplied the student of society and manners with matter which he cannot afford to neglect. No one can quite understand the exciting period of English national life between the arbitrary establishment of the "Commonwealth" in 1649 and the easy return of the King and the bishops in 1660 until he consults the contemporary Quakers, who viewed the world from a wholly new standpoint, and throw a light upon that age not to be found elsewhere.

As Mrs. Boyce's "Records" of the Richardson family extend to nearly two hundred years, her pages are somewhat overcrowded with figures. A number of persons who came into more or less remote contact with the Richardsons have far too much space allowed them, such as Dr. Fothergill, Lindley Murray, John Bright, and others, who already have their "records" in books easy enough to obtain. The historical, topographical, and literary accessories also, pleasantly as they are introduced, are so many and so lengthy that the reader too frequently loses sight of the proper subjects of the biography. Indeed, it is only by constant reference to the nine elaborate genealogical tables at the end of the volume that a stranger to the family can disentangle any particular member of it from the multitudinous crowd. Yet the

* *Records of a Quaker Family—The Richardsons of Cleveland.* By Anne Ogden Boyce. London: Harris & Co. 1889.

portraits of not a few Richardsons, and of others in the crowd, are charmingly sketched, and Mrs. Boyce often deftly marks off an individuality by some anecdote, or saying, or habit, or other manifestation of character. The volume is full of good stories, some of which are new to us, but others are old friends. It is characteristic of the change in Quakerism that Mrs. Boyce should omit John Richardson's "lengthy religious disquisitions," whereas it was the habit of the editors of early Quaker biographies to reprint exactly this part of their writings, and to omit all that was accessory and not "religious."

The family history of the Richardsons begins at a period in which Quakerism was confessedly hurrying along the down grade, both doctrinally and numerically. We take it to be a fact capable of proof that the crisis of the most interesting of the sects, at all events in England, occurred in 1660, the year of the Restoration. It had gathered up into itself between 1649 and 1660 the two apparently contradictory forces of English anti-Puritanism and English ultra-Puritanism. The former was expressed by its theology, which was more akin to the humane and liberal creed of the Church than to the narrow and not very humane doctrines of the Presbyterians and Independents. Its ultra-Puritanism took shape in the extreme Nonconformity of its manners. The anti-Puritan protest of the Quakers was rendered unnecessary by the restoration of the bishops, the parochial clergy, and the Common Prayer; their ultra-Puritanism was singularly unacceptable to a generation which had learned to hate all that was Puritanical, and instinctively felt that it had been liberated from a reign of terror by the return of the King and the Church. This instinct goes far to account for the notable unconcern of the nation at the ejection of the Nonconformists. It survived far into the eighteenth century and found expression in the English mob's favourite cry of "Church and King," in its dislike to "Presbyterians," and its suspicion of Methodists. Mrs. Boyce's "Records" begin in 1684 with the marriage of William Richardson, a tanner, of Aytton in Cleveland, to Elizabeth Wilson. They were both Church folk at the time of their marriage, but "saw the way to a higher spirituality in the doctrines preached by George Fox, and joined the Society founded by him." The sect itself was scarcely more than forty years old, yet its members had already forsaken their original belief that they constituted the one and only true Church on the globe, and had grown content to be merely a religious society, one amongst many.

The Richardson family, soon after its conversion, exhibited that curious division of labour between husband and wife which, from a very early date, began to be the rule rather than the exception amongst the Friends. The wife became "a minister"; the husband, remaining what, for want of any other fitting word, we must call a layman, attended diligently to business. He was a pattern of manly piety in secular affairs. It would be interesting to know how far the preponderance of a female clergy, and the comparative abstinence of the men from ministerial office, have affected the character of Quakerism. Elizabeth Richardson had little likeness to the primitive type of Quakeress missionaries. She had no impulse to follow those women who used to "go naked for a sign" to their Puritan persecutors before the Restoration, or those who boldly set out for Rome and Constantinople in the sanguine hope of converting the two Antichrists, the Pope and the Grand Turk, to the doctrines of George Fox. She confined the exercise of her ministry to her own body, and was no apostle to the apostate churches and sects. She never sought to gain proselytes, but, on the contrary, was scrupulously careful "not to discourage any in what they believed." One of her twelve children, John Richardson, inherited the Quaker art, or rather the Quaker guild-craft, of biography. For the Quakers have proved such skilful masters in their *Selbstbeschreibungen*, and in their description of friends and foes, that it seems as if the practice must have been traditionally handed down amongst them. The biographer by profession might learn much by studying these born biographers, who wrote without a thought of publishers, readers, or critics. One of the secrets of their power and charm undoubtedly lies in that habit of quietly "waiting to hear the Preacher in the heart, who preaches to all," a counsel which the gentle mother so admirably pictured by John Richardson frequently impressed upon him and her other children. The Quaker conviction that the same inward Teacher to whom the "Friends" hearkened was also the educator of everybody with whom they came in contact, bad or good, marks off their biographies from the ordinary hagiography of the religious world. The Puritan or Methodist biographer treats the saint as the select object of a Divine favouritism from which the mass of mankind is excluded, while the saint is moved hither and thither by the outward power of a favouring Providence as a player moves his cherished piece upon a chess-board. In the Quaker biographies, on the contrary, the saint is the organ of a Divine illumination which is common to all, and biography is a record of obedience or resistance to the Divine inward direction of mankind. Hence there is nearly always in Quaker biography a warmth and humanity which are missing in the lives of other Dissenters, and this goes far to explain the love of such a critic as Charles Lamb for Sewall's gallery of Quaker portraits and for John Woolman's pre-Raphaelite picture of himself. Introspective as the Quaker biographers necessarily are, by reason of the central place which they give to the Inward Light as the source of character and conduct, they

are saved from the pharisaical self-consciousness which is the inveterate disease of so-called religious biography by their belief that, as this Light is universal, it can be no *peculium* of the hero or heroine. We could wish that Mrs. Boyce had not abridged John Richardson. We think that we can detect the ancestress of the family character in his delightful portrait of his mother. She was a noble educator of her own children, and she became the head of educators in whom the original type, with its fine combination of severity and tenderness, constantly reappear. She was a warm encourager of play; but she resolutely prohibited play for any end beyond itself, even "for a pin or cherry-stone." She struck her blows in this way at gambling and quarrelling, "I would have fought for a cherry-stone," says her son. The propensity of the sturdy Quaker youth, boys and girls, for fun and conflict is plentifully illustrated in the lively account of schools and schooling at different periods of Mrs. Boyce's "Records." Those who are acquainted with the interesting life of Sarah Grubb will recollect her elaborate description of that magnificent Quaker convent—for such it virtually was—Ackworth School. Mrs. Boyce gives its outward and inward history from 1778 to 1846 at considerable length. One of her heroines, Hannah Richardson, became its abbess or "governess" in 1836, and ruled the girls' school with a fine prudence and success for ten years. The building was originally intended in 1759 to serve as a country branch of the London Foundling Hospital; but twenty years after its erection it was bought by a man eminent alike in science and in Quakerism, Dr. Fothergill, and opened as a boarding school for the children of Friends, both boys and girls. In 1773 the Government withdrew the grants which had been regularly made to the Foundling Hospitals, and the Northern institution, which had sent out two thousand three hundred "cleanly and orderly" children as apprentices to farmers and manufacturers and as domestic servants, had to be sorrowfully closed. But for the intervention of "the active and philanthropic Rector" of Ackworth, "the noble, strong, and well-constructed structure," as he called it, would have been destroyed as well as disendowed. The effect of this policy of disestablishing and disendowing an institution in which the children were taught "the Catechism three or four times a week," and which was famous as a model of "order and decorum," was to transfer to a small sect, at an easy purchase, what had hitherto belonged to the whole State. It had cost the Governors of the Foundling Hospital 17,000*l.*; Dr. Fothergill and a few of his friends bought it for 7,000*l.*

William Howitt was an Ackworth schoolboy, and Wiffen, the translator of Tasso, was one of his schoolfellows. We need hardly say that John Bright was educated at Ackworth. The pugnacity of Quaker politicians may partly be accounted for by the fact that so many of their ancestors were soldiers in Cromwell's army. But the hereditary passion for fighting must have been encouraged by the favourite game in the Ackworth school-ground, where the Homeric heroes were idolized, and the lads divided themselves into rival armies of Greeks and Trojans. Howitt saw "many a good coat and shirt-collar wrenched away at one pull" in these Quaker fights before Troy. Mrs. Boyce tells us of Quaker girls in the last century who would walk for miles to enjoy a military band. The monastic character of the Quaker school at Ackworth was increased by its seclusion and the total absence of holidays. The children were "as perfectly separated from the world as if they were not in it." No vacations were allowed. The scholars saw no outsiders except members of their family and occasional visitors. The officials were generously paid, and remained for long years in the school. Elizabeth Rolfe, after a faithful service of forty years, bequeathed the whole of her savings to the school. The seclusion of the teachers, and the conventual sameness of their lives, undisturbed by holidays, "intensified their peculiarities." Several of the masters were men of marked individuality, and capable educators. A well-known actor at one of the London theatres, who was formerly a Quaker boy at Ackworth, traced his success upon the stage to the admirable way in which reading and elocution were taught at the school. The regular teaching of English history was first permitted in 1820, and of Latin in 1824; but, from the list of the favourite books in a Quaker household, it is evident that the Friends often had a considerable acquaintance with general literature through English translations. The young ladies of the Richardson family read Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Plutarch's "Lives," Hoole's Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*; and the group of popular Swissers and Germans, Lavater, Albrecht von Haller, Zimmermann, Gessner, and Klopstock. For history they had Rollin and Robertson. Gibbon was excluded as anti-Christian. The pleasant chapter headed "Books for the Young, 1787-1805," and other references throughout the volume, provoke the conjecture how far the great degree of culture which was obtained in these households without newspapers was due to the absence of the daily encouragers of ignorance. The so-called "taxes on knowledge" were not necessarily taxes on wisdom, or even on culture. Mrs. Boyce tells us of a Sunderland workman who had not learned to read until mature life. A visitor congratulated his wife upon her husband's new acquirement, adding, "He will now be able to read his Bible." "The Bible, ma'am!" replied the proud wife. "He has got far past the Bible. He reads the papers." One very eminent newspaper man, the late Mr. Wilson of the *Economist*, was a schoolboy at Ackworth. But if the *Pall Mall*

Gazette had been substituted for Pope's Homer, or even the *Times* for Thucydides in English, would the boys and girls sent forth from the Quaker schools and households to serve the State have proved half as useful? Mrs. Boyce has given us a delightful "Quaker Exhibition" in her full and varied gallery of portraits and genre-pictures.

EVOLUTION AND DISEASE.*

THE latest volume of this new series of scientific manuals does not bear out the promise of the first. It is difficult to say for what class of readers *Evolution and Disease* is intended. The biologist who has mastered his Darwin and Wallace will find it a mere collection of notes for lectures, or cuttings from old ones; and he will be brought face to face with the following Lamarckian doctrine on the first page:—"It is well established that the increased use of a part tends to enlarge and strengthen it; that disuse, on the other hand, often leads to its diminution and enfeeblement; structural modifications thus induced are inherited"; which later on, at p. 187, is practically contradicted by the assertion that—"It may be confidently stated that at present there is no satisfactory case known of the transmission of a defect, the result of mutilation." If the book is intended for medical men, as the title would suggest, the student will be disappointed in it, finding that it gives no definition of disease, and that three-fourths of its pages are devoted to the explanation of congenital deformities of the bodies of animals and man which are not diseased conditions in the ordinary sense of the word. The medical pathologist who has the treatment of diseases in view finds great difficulty in drawing the line between physiological, or healthy, and pathological, or diseased, processes; but for the study of the evolution of diseases, if, indeed, that is what Mr. Bland Sutton means when he speaks of evolution and disease, it is not necessary to range over the whole field of disease which falls under the attention of the physician and surgeon. It would be much better to take some well-defined diseases, and see how far they come within the sphere of the evolutionist's doctrines, and study the more complicated forms afterwards. The truth or error of the doctrine of the hereditary transmission of disease is of the first importance to the nation and to the individual; and, if we could discover how diseases have been evolved, we might the more easily devise methods for their devolution. We are accustomed to accept, with almost cheerful resignation, the doctor's dicta that insanity, a taste for strong drinks, and even vice in the concrete, are hereditary; and there is a growing disposition on all sides for men to lay their mental and bodily imperfections on the shoulders of their forefathers, not on their own vicious and unhealthy habits of living. But the book before us gives us no help in this direction; for, when it is not engaged in showing how many things, real and fanciful, man has in common with the lower animals, it abandons evolutionary notions, and deals with the nature and doings of microscopic organisms which do not produce hereditary consequences.

Evolution and Disease is chiefly of use to show us the difficulty of applying the Darwinian theory to conditions which are for the most part accidental, and which, therefore, are not subject to the law of heredity. Strictly speaking, diseases are "mutilations" of one sort or another produced by an external object, be it an instrument, a gas, a vegetable or animal poison, or a micro-organism; and, as the author states in the words already quoted, and as is now almost universally believed by biologists, mutilations are not transmitted, such diseases can have no relation to the doctrine of evolution. On the other hand, the so-called diseases which are due to perverted functions, such as insanity, gout, and cancer, are proper subjects for study from the evolutionist's point of view, as they are at bottom physiological varieties of the human race, the result of artificial selection similar to that which has produced various domestic animals.

The most interesting chapter in the book is the one devoted to the zoological distribution of disease, which Mr. Sutton's connexion with the Zoological Society has enabled him to write with more knowledge than falls to most surgeons. His investigations in this direction have led him to the conclusion "that, excluding the affections known collectively as the acute exanthemata (scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, and the like), most diseases known in the human species occur in mammals." Recent inquiries would seem to show that the exanthemata—at least that scarlet fever is common to man and some of our domestic animals, and that we have most probably received it from the cow. The book is full of illustrations, and contains a good deal of information it would be difficult to find elsewhere; but it is too technical for an elementary text-book for students, and too fragmentary and crude for experienced scientific men. The subject is a new one, and if fully dealt with would be of great advantage to the scientific student of medicine.

* *Evolution and Disease*. By J. Bland Sutton. With 136 illustrations. "The Contemporary Science Series." London: Walter Scott. 1890.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

IF the merits of Mr. Bayfield's edition of *The Ion of Euripides*, judged from the scholar's point of view, were much less than they are, we should nevertheless recommend it for class-work. He takes so lively an interest in the play itself, he puts all the points with so much energy and sympathy, that even the dullards of a class would follow the plot and appreciate some of the dialogue. In many respects the *Ion* is a modern drama, almost a melodrama. Indeed it would not be difficult to cast it on the London stage, and to satisfy most of the actors with the parts allotted to them. And it is much to Mr. Bayfield's credit, not that he has himself enjoyed the merits of the *Ion*, but that he has succeeded in explaining them. His dramatic sensibility, however, has not led him to neglect the many difficulties of text and interpretation. He has introduced several good emendations into a somewhat vitiated text, amongst them one that is at least plausible at 98 (ἀγαθοί for ἀγαθόν), at 101 one of Dr. Verrall's which is almost certain (Δέας for Ἰδίας), at 434 one that is quite certain (προσῆκε δ' οὐδὲν for προσῆκε δ' οὐδας), and others less striking, but all of them reasonable and useful. As a sample of the good sense and good scholarship which pervade the Notes, we may quote Mr. Bayfield's remark on 334, KP. οἱ τοῖς αἰσῶν, εἴπερ ἦν, εἴχ' ἂν μέτρον:—"The line is a clear disproof of the constant assertion of the grammars that sentences couched in this form imply a belief on the part of the speaker that the condition is unfulfilled. Whether the child lives or not is just what Kreousa has come to ask." The commentary throughout is clear, sensible, and apparently accurate.

For beginners in Latin the handy little edition of the third book of Ovid's *Tristia* prepared by Mr. Sanderson will supply all that is required. The chief fault of the Notes is that the help is given rather too freely, but not in the shape of translation. The editor places an innocent but (we fear) an excessive reliance on the misty and inconsistent accounts offered by the poet himself for his disgrace and banishment. That Ovid was banished because he had been the innocent witness of somebody else's misconduct is hardly more likely than that he had shocked the moral sense of Augustus by the occasional freedom of his love poetry. He gives both accounts of his disgrace, and the one is almost as plausible as the other. The Notes which Mr. Sanderson has placed at the end of his little book are short and sensible.

Nearly the highest compliment which you can pay to a translator is to say that you can understand and enjoy his work without reference to the original; and this, the rarest, if not quite the highest, of compliments, has been fully earned by Mr. E. P. Coleridge's translation of the *Argonautica*. The style of Apollonius is by no means easy to deal with. Anybody who knows a little English and a little Greek may turn out a happy version of a striking passage, but that is a very different thing from translating the whole poem. We are not sure that the mannerisms which Mr. Coleridge has adopted are just the mannerisms most appropriate to Apollonius; but they are not obtrusive, and if they do not serve to reproduce the original flavour, they provide an equivalent. We have compared a fair number of passages in the Greek with the English of Mr. Coleridge, and it is pleasant to add that the spirit which he has breathed into his prose version has not been gained at the expense of scholarly accuracy. The English is as close to the Greek as it needs to be for the purposes of those who are likely to become readers of Apollonius, and the short notes printed at the foot of the pages are always useful and frequently sufficient.

We have received the second, third, and fourth parts of the valuable and learned work which is being done by Dr. K. E. Georges in his *Lexicon der lateinischen Wortformen*. The end of the fourth part takes him as far as *quadrifarium*. Within

* *The Ion of Euripides*. With an Introduction and Notes by M. A. Bayfield, M.A., Head-Master's Assistant at Malvern College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Ovidii Tristium Liber III. Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A., late Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge, Editor of Tacitus's "Annals" (Parker's Classical Series), &c. Oxford: Parker & Co.

The Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius. Translated into English Prose, from the Text of R. Merkel, by Edward P. Coleridge, B.A., Oriel College, Oxford. London: George Bell & Sons.

Lexicon der lateinischen Wortformen. Zusammengestellt von Professor Dr. K. E. Georges. Parts 2, 3, and 4. Leipzig: Han'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

Taciti Annalium Liber XIV. Edited by John R. Worthington, B.A., Trin. Coll. Dublin, and St. Mark's College, London. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Anticodes de Mysteriis et de Reditu. Edited by E. C. Marchant, B.A., late Scholar of Peterhouse, Cambridge, Assistant-Master at St. Paul's School. London: Rivingtons.

The Student's Cicero. Adapted from the German of Dr. Munk's "Geschichte der römischen Literatur" by Rev. W. Y. Fausset, M.A. Editor of "Cicero Pro Cluentio." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Homeric Grammar for Upper Forms of Schools. By F. E. Thompson, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. London: Rivingtons.

A Selection from Pliny's Letters. With Notes, Maps, and Plan. By H. R. Heatley, M.A., Beaudesart Park, Henley-in-Arden. London: Rivingtons.

Sermo Latinus. By J. P. Postgate, M.A., Litt.D. Key to Selected Passages. London and New York: Macmillan.

An Introduction to the Greek Language. By Maurice C. Hime, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, Head-Master of Foyle College, Londonderry. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Dublin: Sullivan Brothers.

these narrow limits it is impossible even to attempt an estimate of the important labours of Dr. Georges; but it may be worth while to mention that scholars ignorant of German will be quite able to make use of the Lexicon, since the German is almost confined to the formal headings which separate the different parts of each article.

If Mr. Worthington finds his pleasure or his pride in editing the fourteenth book of the *Annals* of Tacitus, there is no reason why he should deny himself so harmless an indulgence. Many men would have turned out a worse edition. Why, then, should he make apology? But in so barefaced an essay in book-making why does he pretend that his object is to direct public attention to a neglected portion of a meritorious but obscure author? We are doing no wrong to Mr. Worthington or to Dr. Anthon when we say that the method of the one is the method of the other—and an extremely convenient method it is for the ignorant school-boy and the lazy undergraduate. We are lolling in a punt, one eye on a float, the other on Mr. Worthington's Tacitus; at the beginning of chapter iv. we catch sight of the word *juta*. Why, we might lose a fish if we had to look up the word in a dictionary or to chase our evasive memories of the Latin verbs. But it is all right; trusty Mr. Worthington explains in a footnote that *juta* comes from *juro* and means *favoured*. This is a fair sample of the "Notes" supplied by our obliging editor. Really he knows his business very well. When there is a nasty construction he does not muddle his reader's brains by trying to explain it. He just appends a possible translation (generally a correct one) and leaves the English and the Latin to fight it out between them. There are better methods, but they are not equally simple, and they involve a grievous waste of mental tissue.

An entirely different book is Mr. Marchant's edition of the *De Mysteriorum* and *De Reditu* of Andocides, although Mr. Marchant, like Mr. Worthington, labours under the delusion that he is dealing with a neglected author. The fact is, that Andocides (who is familiar to everybody who pretends to be a Greek scholar) has become quite as fashionable as he ought to be, even among schoolboys; and within the last few years more than one edition "intended for the use of schools" has been noticed in these columns. The questions which are involved in his speeches are so intricate, so highly technical, and so uncertain, that, in spite of the Gaboriau-like mystery which surrounds them, they are somewhat unpalatable, even to earnest young scholars. It may be well to rouse their curiosity, but you disappoint it if you take them into a maze without a clue to guide them. It is only due, however, to Mr. Marchant to point out that he does offer a confident solution of some of the doubtful problems in the very shady career of a second-rate adventurer, impudent and tricky, clever and ambitious, who lived in a constant state of being found out. But the young student of Andocides could not rely on a better guide than Mr. Marchant, who has the knack of expounding technicalities in language at once accurate and interesting; and after going through his book, even an advanced scholar, who might disagree with him in many points of detail, would gladly admit that he had learned not a little from the clear and suggestive general view of a complicated period which Mr. Marchant has succeeded in presenting—thanks to his labour on the separate details. On the many points of language and syntax which occur in the artfully colloquial style of Andocides, it appears, from testing a large proportion of Mr. Marchant's notes, that he leaves no difficulty unattempted. His remarks are always scholarly, but occasionally he falls into the scholar's error. Surely it is superfluous, if it is not merely fallacious, to account for the *Dative of the Agent* in connexion with the Perfect Passive in section 10, by saying, first, that the *Dative* in this use contains also the force of an *Ethical Dative* and, secondly, that the *Agent* is regularly in the *Dative* with verbs akin to *παύω* and *λύω* in the Perfect Passive (but only when the subject is impersonal), because "every Athenian was in the habit of acting and speaking in his own interest." We could quote many instances of what we regard as overdone subtlety. But it is more pleasant to bear testimony to the general soundness of a valuable little commentary.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Fausset, whose edition of the *Pro Cluentio* had proved him competent to do original work in Cicero, should have contented himself with reproducing in an English form the well-known views of Dr. Munk set out in the first volume of his *Geschichte der römischen Literatur*. It is well to bring before the English mind an authoritative protest against Dr. Mommsen's too sweeping condemnation of Cicero as "a dabbler abounding in words, but poor beyond all conception in ideas; nothing but an advocate, and not a good one." But it is even less true to regard Cicero as merely a student than as merely an advocate. At the same time, it is pleasant to find a capable critic who assigns to the philosophical and rhetorical writings of Cicero the importance which they deserve. And the summary of the speeches, with the explanatory narrative, will be found extremely useful by scholars who lack the time or inclination to make a first-hand acquaintance with the original, especially as Mr. Fausset has been at the pains to translate directly from the Latin, and not through the medium of the German. And whether from the German or the Latin the translation has been carefully and fluently done. The notes, which have been too sparingly appended, are all to the point. Primarily intended and well-adapted for scholars, *The Student's Cicero* may

be recommended to the intelligently curious persons who have found profit in *Ancient Classics for English Readers*.

A compact and fairly comprehensive summary of modern researches and recent theories is found in the *Homeric Grammar* (9) which Mr. F. E. Thompson has prepared "for upper forms of schools." There was room for the book, and it does about as much as could be expected of it. Certainly it ought to dispel the schoolboy cynic's idea that Homer used or invented any form which happened to scan, and Mr. Thompson has quite succeeded in showing that, widely different as the Homeric Greek is from the later Attic, it follows "surprisingly strict rules of its own." Mr. Thompson's little book is a useful and in the main a trustworthy introduction to the more elaborate writings of Mr. Munro, and it embodies the results of much that is to young students inaccessible in the work of Delbrück and Ebeling. It is almost a heresy to say it, but there is danger as well as profit in the unexplained and almost casual adoption of some of the doctrines of the New Grammar; Mr. Thompson's book is, therefore, only to be used with safety under the guidance of a discreet master. And the *Accidence* as a whole is less satisfactory than the *Syntax* in Mr. Thompson's book. But even the *Syntax* is occasionally perplexing, especially to the youthful and ultra-logical mind. Thus we are told on p. 77 that the use of *κέρ* (enclitic) and *δὲ* is to *particularize*, i.e. "to limit a statement to a particular set of circumstances, to a particular occasion, to a particular person or thing." Well and good. But on p. 79 we are incidentally informed that in some passages it is difficult, if not impossible, to account for the presence or absence of *κέρ* and *δὲ*—it must be admitted that "there is a tendency in Homer to use them where the statement cannot be shown to be particular."

A handy and neatly-printed edition of some of Pliny's Letters has been prepared by Mr. Heatley, who has adapted his Notes to the juvenile understanding, and given all the assistance (short of translation) which can be wanted by a fifth-form schoolboy. Mr. Heatley's aim is not ambitious, but at least he has hit it. In a pleasant obvious kind of way he stops now and then to moralize about such questions as the cruelty of gladiatorial shows, the different views of suicide, and the Roman ignorance of Christian doctrines. The selection of the Letters has been judiciously done, and the running commentary is short and sufficient. Altogether, a respectable little class-book.

Dr. Postgate has given us an excellent Key to the selected passages in *Sermo Latinus*. The forty odd "fair copies" are done by Cambridge hands of the first quality, a few by Dr. Postgate himself, others by F. J. H. Jenkinson, S. H. Butcher, G. W. Balfour, J. G. Frazer, R. Whitelaw, J. Peile, J. B. Lightfoot, R. D. Archer-Hind, and C. W. Moule. For reasons which do not appear, the teachers who dictate these fair copies to their classes are "kindly asked to adopt the reformed pronunciation of Latin"; but the teacher would be ungracious to refuse even a greater concession to an editor who has taken the trouble to mark the "quantity" of all the long vowels. But are we to suppose, then, that Dr. Postgate contemplates the possibility of Latin prose being taught by a master who cannot be trusted to dictate a fair copy unless he has the quantities marked before his eyes?

We hope that Dr. Hime will take no offence when we say that the most striking quality in his *Introduction to the Greek Language* consists in the beautiful type and the ample spaces with which he has arranged the ancient mysteries of Greek accidence. Even a dunce would be tempted to learn his lessons out of so attractive a book. Dr. Hime seems to think that he has hit upon a unique method of teaching Greek when he protests against the Ollendorffian system, by which he appears to mean setting a boy to read a Greek text before he has been grounded in the grammar. If such a system has become so general as Dr. Hime seems to imply, we rejoice that it is not followed in the Irish school over which he presides, and for which he has composed this the first instalment of a greater work. But he could not wait until the whole was completed, because (as he tells us with engaging frankness) there are some little boys in his school waiting to begin Greek, and it would be a pity for them not to have the advantage of their head-master's book. A practical apology for a practical book—rendered the more useful because it contains a tabulated list of questions in Greek Grammar set at the "Intermediate Examinations" during the last ten years.

A PRIZE ESSAY.*

IN some respects Professor Jenks's essay on the *Constitutional Experiments* of the Commonwealth is a highly creditable performance. He has taken his matter from original sources, such as the Journals of the House of Commons and contemporary memoirs and pamphlets; he gives plentiful references, and writes in an unaffected and businesslike fashion. On matters of finance

* *Cambridge Historical Essays—The Constitutional Experiments of the Commonwealth: a Study of the Years 1649–1660.* By Edward Jenks, B.A., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Law in the University of Melbourne. Thirdwall Dissertation, 1889. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1890.

he has done some really first-rate work. He draws out with precision the ordinary revenue and the expenses of the Republic from the execution of the King to the end of 1652, and shows a deficit of about four millions on the whole period, without reckoning the cost of the administrative salaries and the like, as to which no records appear to exist, or the deductions which must be made from the Monthly Assessments for the fees allowed to the collectors. Against this deficit are to be placed the sums realized by the sale of forfeited estates. These cannot, however, have been sufficient to cover it, and the soldiers and sailors had good reason to complain of arrears of pay. The financial condition was much better under the Protectorate; both the Customs and the Excise brought in far larger amounts, and, though the cost of the army and navy was extremely heavy, the annual revenue came within 33,000*l.* of the expenditure. Professor Jenks's comments on the constitutional experiments of his period are sound enough as far as they go, but scarcely rise above the ordinary level of the prize essay. Here and there we come on a sentence which might be struck out with advantage, such as the remark that Cromwell's Little Parliament was "similar in idea to the pre-Parliamentary councils of the Angevin Kings," and the suggestion that Cromwell in 1657 desired the title of king as a means of making "a sort of constitutional resignation of his great power." Professor Jenks appears anxious to make out that the government by major-generals was not intended to be a military despotism; he finds these officers styled majors-general, and attaches some significance to this form of their titles, as indicating—we do not understand in what way—a sort of half-civil position. A foot-note contains the surprising suggestion that "what Cromwell intended was not *majors-general*, but *mayors-general*." One or two statements should certainly have been amended before the essay was sent to the printer. In the "Agreement of the People," for example, it was proposed that a "Representative" should be chosen once in two years, and not, as here, every year; and the document, as presented to the House of Commons, contained full provision as to the duration of Sessions. Professor Jenks should have quoted from the Old Parliamentary History, and not from the pamphlet to which he refers. Again, he is certainly wrong in saying that the Instrument of government swept away the anomalies of the franchise in boroughs; it says nothing at all about the borough franchise, and it must therefore be inferred that no change was made in that respect. Nor do we see what ground he has for declaring that the Instrument excluded tenants for life from the county franchise; for it is distinctly stated that the qualification in counties was to extend to all possessors of real or personal estate to the value of 200*l.*

THE UNITED STATES.*

AS this book is, save for a few unimportant modifications, a reprint of the article on the United States contributed by the late Professor Johnston to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we shall not notice it here at the length which its excellence would otherwise demand. Making the necessary allowances for the conditions under which it was written, we do not think that we have ever met with a more satisfactory sketch of anything like the same size of the general and constitutional history of the American commonwealth. It is free from the exaggerated estimates of men and institutions of which we have of late had so much from writers on both sides of the Atlantic; the matter is well arranged, and is treated with an adequate sense of the relative importance of events. The statement as to the feeling in England towards the rebellious colonies at the outset of the struggle is, without being exactly incorrect, calculated to convey a decidedly incorrect impression, and to encourage the idea, often found in American books, that the war was the work only of the King and of a small clique of officials. Nothing can be further from the truth. If, as was certainly the case, there was "an intense sentiment" in favour of further concessions, an equally strong anti-American feeling prevailed among a very large part of the English people, and certainly among the majority of the educated classes. The dislike of the merchants to the war had nothing to do with "heart and conscience"; it was based, for the most part, simply on selfish grounds. Among the best parts of this little treatise are the author's remarks on the functions discharged by the Federal Courts with regard to Acts of Congress and of the State Legislatures, and the share which they have had in securing to the national Government its supremacy over the States; the explanation of the political character of Hamilton's system of Protection, and of the guiding principles of "the Jefferson School," and the account of the struggles of Andrew Jackson with the States-right party and with the Whigs. The chapter on the tendencies towards disunion contains an excellent summary of the grounds and progress of the divergence between the Northern and Southern States from the crisis of 1850 to the outbreak of the War of Secession.

* *The United States; its History and Constitution.* By Alexander Johnston, late Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Princeton College. London: Blackie & Son, 1890.

COOKERY BOOKS.*

NO libels have their fates more than libels of cookery. Some years ago a cluster of remarkably new and good books of the kind appeared in rapid succession; but we have been many months mustering up the subjects of this article, and they are not a very remarkable regiment now they are mustered. There is, perhaps, one exception; for the name of Delmonico is great in all lands, and that wicked Delmonico himself testifies in a facsimile letter to M. Filippini's services to the house. Also (which, we confess, weighs more with us) M. Filippini is able to claim acquaintanceship with the great, the immortal Alexandre Dumas—great in cookery, immortal in the other fine art of literature. From the delicate way in which M. Filippini cites the anecdote, we are not clear whether it was at his own head or some one else's that Alexander Maximus was going to throw the plate of peeled radishes, and, with god-like toleration of a devilish crime, didn't. A permanent confusion from such a hand would have been an honour—except in the eyes of a certain *Quarterly Review*. "Oysters," however, "à l'Alexandre Dumas" commemorate the incident, and we should approve them if we were not convinced that the less you meddle with the oyster the better. We have ourselves arrived at superadding nothing to him except a few grains of Nepaul or Hungarian pepper—a rosy strewing for his good white head—and no more. As for the *Delmonico Cook-Book* ("a vile word, my dear, a vile word"), it is not, in our judgment quite so good as the *Franco-American Cookery Book*, which M. Delié of the New York Club brought out some half-dozen years ago; but it is the next best American treatise that we have seen. American cookery may be said to be in three states; the old colonial homely art, now almost defunct, but noble, though nude and antique, in its way; the ordinary cookery of restaurant and hotel and boarding-house, which, by consent of civilized man, is the very worst in the world, being able to give points in badness even to our own; and the new imported Franco- or Italiano-native variety, which is very much like the new style all over the world, with the differences of a somewhat more lavish expenditure and a few particular materials. This latter advantage is compensated by some drawbacks. M. Filippini cracks up the great American foodstuffs, but he has to admit that not a few things have to be imported. And, unlike M. Delié, he makes no mention at all of such admirable comestibles as broad-beans, as celestiac, and others. Still, there is a pretty variety in his large book, and there might have been a prettier if he had not committed the common error of wasting a vast space—some hundred and fifty pages—on menus for every day in the year. How often must it be said that this is a soul-destroying worship of the letter, a practice inimical to that spontaneity which is the root of goodness in cookery as in all the greater exercises of the human mind? Without a good cook, housekeeper, or, best of all, housewife, shall you never have a good dinner; and with one these slavish prescriptions are needless. Let the separate receipts be given, and then let the best composer win. Still, there are good things in M. Filippini. His *menestra* is good and simple, and receipts for *menestra* (but *minestra* is surely the better form) are not common in the English language. His "Purée mongole" (which is not made of boiled Russians) is a rather interesting kind of pea-soup; but his "Chicken with leek" is a sadly degenerate form of cock-a-leekie. On the other hand, we have not often seen a better "Consommé." The sauces in such books are generally good, and the *hors-d'œuvres* here are particularly varied, though as purists we might take exception to some of them appearing under that head at all. Salpicons, timbales, croquettes, and so forth are only by corruption *hors-d'œuvres*, while to call Welsh rabbit ("confusion on the rarebit wait") by that name is only M. Filippini's fun, or his American patrons' ignorance. One would not change one's native land for rich New York and all her gold when one is reminded by M. Filippini's fish section that red mullet they know not, neither whitebait, neither John Dory—which is as much as saying *mutatis mutandis* that they know not Homer, nor Dante, nor Shakespeare. With eggs they can play a pretty trick or two, and "tenderloins" (they would call them undercuts or fillets if they knew, so let us not be hard on the frightful implied confession of the *tough loin*) are accommodated not unintelligently. And how touching is this:—"Procure a *fine FRESH ENGLISH* breakfast bacon." Of Bunker they talk, and of Brandywine, and of Saratoga, and of Yorktown, and of Lexington. And yet a hundred years afterwards they can only say, "Procure a *fine FRESH ENGLISH* breakfast bacon." For in this world the really great things always maintain their price and their position. You may import Frenchmen and Italians to cover your nakedness, you may have civil wars regardless of expense, and fill vaults on vaults with silver coin which nobody knows what to do

* *The Delmonico Cook-Book.* By Alessandro Filippini. London, New York, Chicago, Washington, Paris: Brentano.

Anne Bowman's New Cookery Book. People's Edition. London: Routledge.

Little Dinners. By a Live Lord. London: Society Office.

Middle-Class Cookery Book. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Pastry Cook and Confectioner's Guide. By R. Wells. London: Lockwood.

Soups, Savouries, Sweets, and Breads. By a Practical Housewife. London: Bentley.

Puddings and Pastries à la mode. Cakes and Confections à la mode. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans.

Eggs and Ways of Cooking Them. By Mrs. H. C. Davidson. London: Allen.

with; you may spell travelled traveled, and colour color; you may even compose a very decent receipt for "Squabs boiled on toast with bacon." But where are you going to get your bacon? Chicago helps you not; Armour is as though he did not exist. You may try to divert the attention with "Sorrel au maigre" (and welcome!) or trifle with Caramel pudding, or St. Honoré à la rose Delmonico. But where are you going to get that bacon? Kind, calm Filippini, relentless but merciful, says, "Procure a fine fresh English breakfast bacon," and the ghost of King George, who kept his pigs (*vide* one Wolcot), and knew their value, chuckles as avenged.

The best, and one of the least pretentious, of the English contingent, is the portly volume containing over seventeen hundred well-printed receipts, which Messrs. Routledge offer to the "People" as "Anne Bowman's," at the "werry moderit figgur" of one shilling. This phrase is not sarcastic; it is a really cheap book, and eke a good. From certain symptoms we should guess that it was originally written some time ago; and some of Anne Bowman's advices and remarks are curious. Rarely, rarely, nowadays would a cook calmly suggest that you may put in "a hundred oysters," if you like, in mock-turtle soup—a suggestion which would add about six times to the cost of the dish. In regard of the leek, Anne is sadly to seek, for she says it is "too coarse in flavour to be used much in refined circles," except when it is very young. If leeks are too coarse for the refined circles, so much the worse for the circles; but, as a matter of fact, it is young leeks that are coarse, and old ones that are mild. Setting such trifles aside, we have here, if not one of the most modern or original, one of the fullest, most varied, and soundest manuals we have seen at anything like the price.

A person who can announce himself on the cover and title-page of a book as "a Live Lord" must infallibly be a live snob, whether he have a handle to his name or no; and the snob is the very last person whose judgment one would care to take in matters of cookery. Therefore it is not surprising to find the "Live Lord" describing port as "a ghastly artificial creation" (what does he think his beloved champagne is?) and turning up his nose at garlic. Still, if he honestly dislikes either, he has a perfect right to say so. What no man has a right to do is to scribble in the execrable jargon popular with certain newspapers of the baser sort, and consisting of a little slang, a little affectation of knowingsness, a few stock quotations, a suspicion of advertisement, a generally jaunty air, and an occasional phrase intended to strike terror, such as, "To poor languishing men about town, who from one end of the year to the other dine à la russe, there is something very pleasant in the sight of a joint standing on the table," &c. We have been young, and now are old; but in our experience, and the experience of the sages before us, a phrase like this generally (though, no doubt, not always) means that the writer has dined à la russe about once or twice in his life. Of course this may not be the case here; but it generally is the case. And it is still more suspicious that the author talks of "my favourite vest." It is usual for gentlemen, as distinguished from gents, to call that garment a waistcoat.

The *Middle-Class Cookery Book* was compiled for the Manchester School of Cookery. It is simple, and rather elaborately didactic than gastronomically enticing, but seems very well calculated for its purpose.

The *Pastry Cook and Confectioner's Guide* is primarily intended for the trade, but all that it contains is also suited for private houses, and its contents extend more widely than the title would at first indicate. For those who like cakes, biscuits, and sweetmeats it will provide several wrinkles not to be found in the ordinary books.

The "Practical Housewife"—prettily enough if faith—has decorated the tawps-and-bawtems of her pages with literary mottoes. But, to utter a horrible sentiment, they take room; and in a receipt-book we would rather have had more receipts. To this sentiment (worthy of an ogre) we need only add that what receipts there are are good.

The handiness of Mrs. De Salis's stoutly bound and neatly printed cookery-books in sections, together with the novelty of some of the receipts contained in the earlier, have won her deserved praise, though some grumblers have hinted that she took her goods where she found them rather freely, and others with more undoubted reason have said that, when you tot up the eight or nine eightpences which the separate parts cost, they make a rather dear cookery book as a whole. For so will men grumble. For our part we shall only say that these last parts, though appertaining to the feeble and less important part of cookery, are useful enough in their way, and by no means to be pooh-pooed.

Mrs. Davidson's *Eggs and Ways of Cooking Them* is a useful little manual, containing 150 different devices for accommodating that which requires reason in the roasting of it. There are tortillas and omelettes, pancakes and salmagundis, fondus and soufflés in great variety.

MACREADY.*

IT is somewhat strange that a book which claims to tell for the first time the story of Macready's whole career should have only just appeared. Of the illustrious band of men of letters

and art, the actor's contemporaries, with whom he associated in perfect freedom—a circumstance rare, indeed, among members of his profession—there was not one who attempted to write the *Life* of William Charles Macready. Unhappily, too, the actor's diaries, full of fascinating revelation as they are, were left incomplete, though it is acknowledged by the majority of those who can recall Macready's acting, and by all who knew him, that the well-known volumes of *Reminiscences, Diaries, and Letters* supply a singularly accurate and striking portrait of the man and the actor. Mr. William Archer recognizes in these volumes "the chief authority for a *Life* of Macready," but he remarks, rather oddly, of the latter portion of the *Diary*, "from 1826 onwards," that "it is valuable rather as an expression of character than as a record of events." Surely this is a singular, a plaintive observation in a biographer. Industry will suffice to obtain a record of events, as Mr. Archer's book, which is to a large extent a record of events, testifies; but the arts of the compiler can add nothing to the more precious autobiographical stores at hand. Mr. Archer's volume is no exception to the rule that the actors themselves, or their contemporaries, have been the best biographers of actors. It is not Mr. Archer's fault that he never studied Macready's art from his own appointed place in the theatre. Mr. Archer is young, we believe, and his youth alone in all probability prevented him from benefiting by a better kind of knowledge than is supplied by Genest or newspaper-files. We deplore this disadvantage in Mr. Archer. Had the experience been his, we should have been gratified by Mr. Archer's verdict, and that verdict might at least have provided some slight ground for the astonishing question raised in Mr. Archer's final chapter on the art and character of Macready. "Was Macready an actor of the first, or only of the second, order?" "Let us assemble," says Mr. Archer with amusing solemnity, "and sift the evidence." The evidence, as was inevitable, is, on his own showing, conclusive; yet Mr. Archer imagines that Macready's position is not assured because this question presents itself to Mr. Archer. Not to recapitulate all the judgments of competent critics, the verdicts of Hazlitt, Tieck, Hunt, and the rest, one fact supplies a convincing answer to the question, and that is, Macready's acting in Kean's great part, Richard III., in which, according to the best critics, he excelled Kean, and excelled him when that actor was in his prime. Even if this triumph were an isolated proof of the actor's genius, it should suffice to gain him a place in the first rank. But it is no isolated example. Mr. Archer's conscientious chronicle of Macready's performances, in spite of small measures of detraction thrown in to give it a judicial air perhaps, abounds in evidence of the same kind, the cumulative effect of which makes Mr. Archer's call to the critical council appear to be even more futile than it is.

Mr. Archer is more happily employed when reconstructing theatrical chronicles in the spirit of Genest. He has some of the gifts that become the annalist. His tabulated lists and statistics of Macready's performances, with dates and casts, are extremely useful, and show an admirable industry. Nor is the diligence less characteristic and admirable which Mr. Archer has expended in the study of the critical columns of newspapers and the play-bills of the London theatres in which the name of Macready appears. Mr. Archer's book, in short, comprises a careful and complete record of Macready's career as actor and manager; but as biography we cannot say that it effects more than to increase our sense of the value of the *Reminiscences, Diaries, and Letters*. Those who would learn something new and true of Macready's character will assuredly not learn of Mr. Archer. No one among the few now living who knew that great actor will be greatly interested in hearing that Mr. Archer thinks Macready's "chief misfortune" was, in a sense, his public-school training; and that the Church "would doubtless have been in some respects a more congenial calling" to the actor. Nor is it, perhaps, worth more than a note by the way to observe that the critic of the *John Bull*, one of the most pertinacious among Macready's few detractors, is "in my judgment," says Mr. Archer, "the ablest critic of his day." The critic thus honoured stood "almost alone" in his views of Macready's acting; possibly to this circumstance is owing the oddly disproportionate place his utterances obtain in Mr. Archer's book.

LORD ALTHORP.*

MR. ERNEST MYERS may be congratulated on having accomplished a task which is now more frequently essayed than successfully performed. A good many years ago a series of volumes was published which bore the common title "Small Books on Great Subjects." The era has set in of Small Books on Great Men—English Men of Letters, English Worthies, English Statesmen, English Men of Action—almost every order of being that in the catalogue can pass for men has its associated biographers, and the example set in this country is being followed not unworthily in France and the United States. The works which are thus produced belong to the art, as difficult in literature as in its proper sphere, of miniature painting. We have scarcely had anything very like it before. The brilliant "portraits" in which French literature abounds are rather sketches of character than biographies. The biographical essays of Macaulay and the late Sir James Stephen are rather disquisitions than

* *William Charles Macready.* By William Archer. "Eminent Actors." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

* *Lord Althorp.* By Ernest Myers. London: Bentley & Son. 1890.

lives. They were ostensibly reviews, and never quite lose the birth-mark which testifies to their origin. The best of the articles in Mr. Leslie Stephen's monumental—we believe that is the proper word—*Dictionary of National Biography*, are models of skill in the condensed statement of facts, held together on a strong thread of thought. The biographies of which the volume before us is one of the latest—from a phrase in the preface we imagine it was originally written for an excellent series prematurely concluded—ought to combine the characteristics of all the productions which we have named. The difficulty is to mix them in their due proportion. There must be history, or the individual life cannot be understood, and the figure will be without background. The fellow-actors of the hero cannot be left out, or the drama will be unintelligible, and his relations to them, which necessarily formed a great part of himself, will be obscure. There must be detailed narrative, for the book is a biography. There must be insight into character, the power to perceive the mind's construction in the events of the life, or the function of the interpreter will be missed. There must be political knowledge and reflection, or there will be no appreciation of the life-work, to use a convenient Germanism, of the subject. To mingle these things in their proper degree, this is the labour, this the task. No more practical advice can be given than the celebrated counsel of the cookery book to throw in enough of each ingredient, but not too much. Mr. Myers's natural delicacy of perception and his trained literary skill have stood him in good stead in this matter, and have enabled him to give us the enough of each ingredient without the too much.

The key to the character of Lord Althorp is very happily given in the sentence from Plato's *Republic* which Mr. Myers prefixes to his opening chapter, and which declares that the best and most harmoniously ordered State will be that in which the rulers are least eager to rule. If we were to combine this questionable dictum with another even more celebrated of the same venerable authority, we should come to the conclusion that the best of all possible rulers in the best of all possible States would be an unwilling philosopher. It may be doubted, however, whether either proposition, still less the proposition compounded of them both, is true. The statesman *malgré lui* is not likely, any more than the *médecin malgré lui*, to be a consummate practitioner in his art. Relish of one's work is usually a condition of doing it well, is always a condition of doing it in the most perfect manner. Milton's doctrine is needed to balance that of Plato. But it must be "the clear spirit" on which the love of fame operates; the infirmity with which it is tinged, perhaps tainted, must be the clinging infirmity of "noble minds." The motive force depends for its character on the faculties which it moves. Like remorse in Coleridge's tragedy of that name it will be "as the heart in which it grows," healthy or poisonous, according to the soil in which it has its root, and the atmosphere in which it spreads its leaves. The ignoble ambition which has marred characters otherwise and originally not ignoble; the wild desire, like that of Lear in his madness, to do something, no matter what, which shall be the wonder of the world; the insatiable craving to be the object, even to the very verge of the grave, to which every eye turns, and at which every finger points, every voice crying "that is he," is as mischievous to the nation as it is degrading to the person on whom it has seized. The second part of Plato's dictum is truer than the first, and that State will be the worst governed in which the rulers are most eager to rule. A generation which is forced to contemplate the declining years of Mr. Gladstone may advantageously turn from that spectacle to the character and career of Lord Althorp, as they are depicted in Mr. Myers's pages.

Yet Lord Althorp would have been the better if to that passion for sport which he shared with so many English politicians he had joined the passion for political strife, with which in the class to which he belonged it seems to have a natural connexion. The noblest disinterestedness requires a propelling power, sometimes on a lower level than its own, yet innocent and healthy, to bring it into vigorous play. The old Roman feeling that there is something ignoble in political inactivity in a citizen called by his position to rule—in a mild sluggishness, *haudquam erecto animo*—has a good deal to say for itself. Lord Althorp did not incur this reproach to its fullest extent. He gave up, from a sense of duty, his early and mature manhood to a career which he detested, and from which he feared that he might sometimes be tempted to seek an escape in suicide. During the Reform Bill struggle he told Lord Stanhope that it was fortunate that he did not find a pistol by his bedside when he awoke in the morning; and that he did not find one was due to his own action. So strong was his apprehension of what he might be tempted to do, that he took the precaution, as he informed Sir John Hobhouse, of removing his pistols from his bedroom. He kept his razor, however, without fatal consequences; unless, indeed, he deferred his personal use of it until he was safely out of office. "I had a characteristic scene," Jeffrey wrote in a well-known letter, which Mr. Myers does well in re-quoting, "with that most frank, true, and stout-hearted of God's creatures, Lord Althorp. I was led up to his dressing-room, where I found him in a dressing-gown, his arms bare, his beard half-shaved, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap-brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of his brush-hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye, and a radiant smile, he said, 'You need not be anxious about your Scotch Bills to-night, as

I have the pleasure to tell you we are no longer His Majesty's Ministers.'"

It was not that Lord Althorp was a successful sportsman and an unsuccessful politician. He was a successful politician and an unsuccessful sportsman—a bad shot and a bad rider—a dislocated shoulder bearing not unfrequent witness to his many falls. No one led the House of Commons with greater mastery of it than he did, a mastery due not merely to the absolute confidence of his followers in the simplicity and candour of his integrity, and to the winning effect of his sweet temper and cordial character, but to his acquaintance with political business, and his knowledge of the sciences on which the art of politics depends. He was one of the few Whigs of his own day who had thoroughly studied economical questions. For the Whigs of the era of the Reform Bill were still in that state of ignorant contempt of Adam Smith which Charles James Fox ostentatiously avowed. His intellectual powers were considerable. At Cambridge the regulations of the University in his day excluded the *filius nobilis* from the honour examinations; but in the yearly examinations of his college he stood first in the first class of the second year, "being placed above men who were afterwards high wranglers and Fellows of their college." Mr. Myers contrasts the mathematical taste and capacity of Althorp and his indifference to literature with the classical culture of his contemporaries in statesmanship. Virgil alone interested him, and only in the Georgics—Virgil as farmer rather than as poet. It is curious, indeed, to observe that, while mathematical training seems often to have been the best equipment for the Bar, the humaner letters have been the school of politicians. We are speaking of the past; both the Bar and politics now manage to do to a very great extent without either. Althorp did not confine his theoretic studies, if we may so call them, to political economy, but applied himself to the mastery of constitutional history and law. Mr. Myers mentions, but does not name, a legal writer who classes Althorp with Bentham, as having been "in legal reform far in advance of his age." On most questions he acted with the party which his father, who had been among the Portland Whigs who coalesced with Pitt, had rejoined on becoming a member of the Grenville Administration. On others he was in advance of them. He urged the repeal of the Corn-laws at a time when Peel was manipulating the sliding-scale and Lord John Russell was dreaming of a fixed duty. In 1830 he had the boldness to advocate an Income-tax, which no Minister had the boldness to impose until Peel did so twelve years later. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Grey Administration his Budgets, in their original shape, but to a very much less degree in that in which they were able to pass, carried out the policy of Huskisson, and anticipated that of Peel. In the Reform controversy the tactics and intrepidity of Lord John Russell and the fiery eloquence of Mr. Stanley could have been with less disadvantage spared than the temper and the unflinching mastery of detail with which Lord Althorp piloted the successive measures through Committees. "It was Althorp," said Sir Henry Hardinge, "who carried the Bill."

It is possible that if on his father's death removing him to the Lords he could have been persuaded to remain in political life, and a Spencer Ministry could have taken the place now occupied in history by the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, the Whig disasters and mistakes of the Reform Parliament might have been in some degree avoided. But he was obstinate. When Thomas Drummond, formerly his private secretary, came down to Althorp to entreat him to come back, "he was at the window gazing at the newly-born lambs beside their mothers; and when he had listened to the message he turned again and pointed to them in the pasture, declaring that with them he must remain." Nature, he said on another occasion, had made a grazier of him, and his friends would insist on his being a politician. The absorption in higher interests in which some politicians before and since have sought a pretext for seclusion, soon found even by themselves to be vain, was real with him. He blended with his grazier pursuits a series of inquiries into speculative topics, chiefly in their religious aspects. The fact is that, though during his political life his heart was in the country, and in its pursuits and pleasures, rather than with the world of Parliament and Downing Street, it was not primarily even there. The death of his young wife soon after their marriage had left him with a deep wound which never healed. In the summer of 1843, describing his plans for the following year, he added, "and the year after that I shall die." The impression—we cannot call it, with Mr. Myers, a prescience—for which there seemed no reason, for he was in good health, was realized. The end came in the autumn of 1845, when he was in his sixty-fourth year. His last thoughts were of the wife whom he had lost twenty-seven years ago. "He asked for a locket enclosing a lock of her hair, which he had promised her to wear when he should die; and having put this round his neck, awaited death with calm, and even gladness." The homely, rustic, clumsy figure veiled at once and revealed, not the greatest, but certainly the purest and noblest, among the statesmen of his time.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOW that M. Emile Montégut (1) has almost given up writing new criticisms, it is doubly satisfactory that he has taken to reprinting his old ones in collected form. We have more than once called attention to work which is certainly the best critical work of the century in France next to Sainte-Beuve's, if the essentials, and not the accidents, of the critic be required from it. It is particularly curious and interesting to compare the opening article of this volume, on Théodore Barrière, written in 1859, with that on the same subject which M. Jules Lemaitre printed the other day. M. Montégut's is much shorter, yet almost all the really critical points which the younger critic developed are made, and made, it must be remembered, at the time, while the criticism is throughout critical, and does not show anything like that almost naïf wonder at old fashions simply because they are old fashions which M. Lemaitre feels or affects. "Le Roman en 1861" is a wonderfully sound review to read thirty years after, and "Le Roman en 1876" takes the measure of those novelists who have written since with equal competence. Here are comparatively early estimates of MM. Feuillet, Augier, and Sardou, here a contemporary view of the appearance of M. Cherbuliez, and so forth. Now writing of this kind stands the test of time worse than any other, unless it be really good. Even if it is not actually antiquated by the subsequent progress of the authors concerned, it is apt to seem ephemeral and obsolete. No competent critic will use any of these epithets as to the work which M. Montégut has here collected, with the addition now and then of a very rare and quite permissible note drawing attention to the fact that the course of time has not exactly proved him wrong.

The name of the accomplished collaborator of "Lucien Perey" in some good historical works and sole author of others is no doubt sufficient guarantee that this *Journal d'un étudiant* (2) is genuine, though, in accordance with a French habit which is not the best of French habits, the account of the MS. and its whereabouts is a little vague. It purports to be the diary of Edmond Géraud, son of a Bordeaux merchant of the reformed faith (like the *patron* of Francis Osbaldistone earlier), who came to Paris with a tutor about a year after the taking of the Bastille, remained till the beginning of the Terror, and afterwards became a man of letters of some mark. There is nothing exciting in the journal itself; and the editor has wisely given extracts from it only, with a connecting thread of narrative and comment from other sources. What is really interesting about it is the confirmation it gives to certain views of the Revolution which, though men of genius like Carlyle took them early, have only recently been brought into full prominence by historians—views which, we may add, have been recently exhibited under fresh lights, in a series of articles in these pages. The student, his respectable tutor, and his respectable papa are all rather stupid people; but rather stupid people form the majority of a nation, and it is, as a rule, by their conduct and state of mind that the nation's destiny (except when very strong men take it neck and crop and force it to be sensible) is decided. These particular stupid people were extremely glad that the privileges of the nobles should be curtailed, rejoiced in "l'homme vertueux," adored "la révolution," but had not at first the faintest idea that France was drifting into a republic, and, generally speaking, knew not in the very least whither she was drifting at all. Each fresh step took them quite by surprise—sometimes at the beginning delighted surprise, sometimes towards the end puzzled surprise, but always surprise perfectly destitute of intelligence and utterly at the mercy of popular *blague*. Mme. X., a doubtless respectable female, as they would have said in her own days, considers that "the people has [in executing the King] displayed a calm and a majesty which would do honour to the finest days of the Roman Republic." One rather hopes that Mme. X. took a look out of the little window herself.

We have no "mounts or marvels" to record among the batch of novels before us. That prolific author, M. Trois Etoiles—who has nearly as extensive a literary baggage across the Channel as Mr. Anon this side—has done much better work than *A côté du devoir* (3). This is the history of an extra-conjugal connexion without any excuse, as far as we can see, of youth, passion, or anything else. The Marquis de Rochelivry wanted, it would seem, some rooms (drawing and other) to dawdle in besides those of his wife, and found the apartments of Madame de Mortaise handy. His wife did not like it (which is very surprising), but was anxious about his soul, and applied to his mistress to "make it" for her. This mixture of different kinds is to us mighty offensive. The *réclame* of *L'essence du soleil* (4) informs us that the author is "one of the principal Boulangist candidates at the late elections." It may be so; we have only to add that he is master of the most extraordinary lingo which, even in this day of M. J. K. Huysmans, we have ever attempted to construe. There is always some merit in the author of *Une sous-préfète* (5). But whether the lady who got office for her husband by holding

out to an old goat of an under-secretary prospects which she did not fulfil was any better than the said husband, who was found at undue hours with the wife of the receiver of taxes, is a point on which we pronounce no opinion, though we have one. "Hier Le plongeur, aujourd'hui Le fils du plongeur" (6), demain *L'oncle à la mode de Bretagne du plongeur*," the wicked will say, remembering a jest on André Chénier. But Fortuné is Fortuné, and his readers are his readers, and will remain so. As for the translation of Ouida (7), it is well known how seriously the Gaulish nation, born malign, takes that gifted writer, and how well qualified she is to give them their notoriously correct views of English society. So more power to the elbows of her translators.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new volume of the "English Men of Action" series, *Havelock*, by Archibald Forbes (Macmillan & Co.), deals with the life of a soldier whose career has certainly not been neglected by historian and biographer. Mr. Forbes tells an old story effectively, on the whole, in his neatly-summarized narrative of the memorable campaigns in which Havelock figured, though it must be owned that in Mr. Forbes's more moving chapters, in the animated recital of the operations in the Punjab, on the Sutlej, the advance on Cawnpore, and the relief of Lucknow, we lose touch of the gallant, high-minded Havelock more than once. But there is really nothing to add to the chronicles of these events as set forth by the historian of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Forbes corrects a date in Colonel Malletson's work, and is disposed to chide the author for his laudation of Neill's very considerable share in quelling the Mutiny. After all, Mr. Forbes does not succeed in showing that Neill did not enjoy Havelock's confidence. It is inexplicable otherwise that the latter should have made that second move on Busseretung after receiving the "dictatorial, insolent, and insubordinate" letter of remonstrance which Neill addressed to Havelock on his retreat after the first attempt to carry the place. Mr. Forbes attributes the second attempt to the "malign influence" of Neill's letter, though a less occult explanation may lie in the probability that Havelock, after his naturally vigorous letter of rebuke to Neill, cooled considerably, and found something cogent in Neill's plea for an advance. The point, however, is a nice one for learned casuists. Havelock, like most men in command, loved not to retreat if some sort of way were open to advance. He had the alertness which is proper to a military leader, as he had also the impetuosity of temper which is not invariably its best ally. Both qualities were actively combined when Outram proposed a halt and an alternative advance on the Residency at Lucknow, and Havelock urged an immediate advance through the city streets. The story of that swift move through the Bailey Guard gate on to the Residency, and the substantial relief afforded by Sir Colin Campbell's arrival, two months later, is forcibly told. The popular estimate of Havelock is derived mainly from Dr. Marshman and other biographers, who were not wholly concerned with Havelock's career as a soldier. For most people his reputation is not entirely military. Mr. Forbes's presentation is less complex than Dr. Marshman's, and perhaps less rousing. But Evangelical enthusiasm is not to be looked for in a military critic.

The *Statesman's Year-Book*, edited by Mr. Scott Keltie (Macmillan & Co.), is published this year considerably enlarged and thoroughly revised. The additions are numerous and notable; yet the original features of this admirable handbook—its completeness, its far-reaching though in all ways practical scope—remain unaffected by the increase. States and territories—unannexed, protected, or independent—which have recently acquired political importance, all find a place with the leading Powers of the world. In the first part of the volume, devoted to the British Empire, we have, for example, epitomized information concerning "Zambia" and "British East Africa." In the "Foreign," or second part, are included the central States of the Soudan, such as the Sultanate of Wadai, the States bordering on Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, and other African lands whose resources have but recently been revealed by travellers. To cite illustrations of the value of *The Statesman's Year-Book* after twenty-five years of publication would be a superfluous undertaking. It is the most complete and the most instructive book of its kind.

The forthcoming Florentine Exhibition may possibly induce many people to read Dante, as it appears to have stimulated publishers to provide for the studious visitor. Not for the multitude, however, is *An Introduction to the Study of Dante*, by John Addington Symonds (A. & C. Black), of which a second edition is before us, though it is true there is much in the charming sketch of the poet's life, and the picturesque review of the political and social condition of mediæval Italy, that all sorts of beginners in the study of Dante may find profitable. For those who rest content with translation we have Longfellow's rendering of the *Inferno* (Routledge & Co.), with the translator's excellent annotation, which forms the new volume of the publishers' attractive "Pocket Library." But, as Mr. Symonds justly observes, "the cathedral of Dante's building is too vast for comprehension

(1) *Dramaturges et romanciers*. Par Emile Montégut. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Journal d'un étudiant pendant la révolution*. Par Gaston Maugras. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *A côté du devoir*. Par * * *. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *L'essence du soleil*. Par Paul Adam. Paris: Trese et Stock.

(5) *Une sous-préfète*. Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Le fils du plongeur*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Flo-

(7) *Scènes de la vie de château*. Par Ouida. Traduit par Hepburn. Paris: Hachette.

at a glance," or through a translation, and what a man brings that will he find in the reading. But Mr. Symonds, we think, is needlessly discouraging when he asserts that we require "a portion of Shelley's or Beethoven's soul" to appreciate the *Paradiso*.

From Mr. George Allen we have received specimens of the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's works, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and the lectures on Tuscan art, *Val d'Arno*, and on the elements of sculpture, *Aratra Pentelici*. They are of handy form, good type, and singularly neat binding. The first-named volume appears to be a reprint of the 1880 edition. We still find retained in an appendix one of those criticisms of poetry, of the line upon line kind, with which Mr. Ruskin has been wont to afflict poetic souls. The amazing notes in the opening verses of Coleridge's "Ode to France" are full of dreadful illustration of what it is to be theory-ridden. Mr. Ruskin has a theory of Liberty, to which the poem does not conform, in his opinion, and is, therefore, nonsensical. This comment reaches a climax at the verse

Where, like a man beloved of God.

"Nonsense again," says Mr. Ruskin. "We are not more like men beloved of God when we walk in a wood, than when we walk out of one," which, indeed, the poet does not affirm. After this, and the rest, it is less surprising, perhaps, that Mr. Ruskin should so entirely miss the significance of the poet's spiritual exaltation.

Mr. Charles Rampini's *Tales of Old Scotland* (Edinburgh: Macniven & Cameron) are resettings of romantic episodes of history, such as the murder of Rizzio, the Gowrie plot, the death of Darnley, the story of Kate Bar-lass, stories eked out with comic description and pictorial touches intended to suggest a narrator. Mr. Rampini's stories show some industrious research, but they are all tolerably familiar and by no means remarkably dramatic in the telling. In relating once again some of those "strange stories of the death of kings" Mr. Rampini has indeed "sat upon the ground," for his style is seldom rousing, and does not touch the heaven of romance.

The Stories of the Trees, by Mrs. Dyson (Nelson), is a volume of a descriptive kind, with illustrations that are merely tolerable, concerning the commoner trees of this country, and well suited, by its pleasant chatty style, to interest young people.

To have read *The Adventures of the Adventurers' Club* (Gardner & Co.), the sober covering of which belies its contents, is to add somewhat to your stores of tales of terror which do not terrify. The adventurers do indeed pass through deadly perils from human violence, strange drugs, and various villains. They relate their experiences, too, with admirable calm, and yet without moving the old reader greatly.

The Theosophists have now their "Birthday Book," *Gems from the East* (Theosophical Publishing Co.) its title, compiled by "H. P. B.," from Oriental writings, and embellished with fair borderings and vignettes by "F. W.," "a lady Theosophist." It is full of sayings that are clear and dark, mystic, wonderful, as they may be read, of which this one must suffice for sample:—"He who kisses the hand he cannot cut off, will have his head cut off by the hand he now kisses in the next re-birth."

A subject which we approach but timorously, through imperfect knowledge rather than lack of sympathy, is treated in what appears to us a thoroughly sensible spirit in *Home Washing*, "a practical guide to the Housewife" (Bemrose & Sons), by Louisa E. Smith, a lady who presides over the laundry class in the Forsyth Technical College. In this little treatise is set forth the whole art of laundry-work, clear-starching, the cleaning of silks, laces, and other fancy articles, the mysteries of "goffering," and other useful processes. This instructive and admirable handbook concludes with a number of extremely useful hints and recipes, which good housekeepers will know how to value.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of Kingsley's *Glaucois*, with the coloured plates; Mr. Marion Crawford's *With the Immortals*; the sixpenny re-issue of *Harewood the Wake*; and Mrs. Craik's *Agatha's Husband*, illustrated by Walter Crane.

We have also received the third volume of the *New Popular Educator* (Cassell & Co.); a new abridged edition, in one volume, of *A Century of Painters of the English School*, by Messrs. R. and S. Redgrave (Sampson Low & Co.); *Report of the Minister of Education* (Ontario), for the year 1889, with the Statistics of 1888 (Toronto: Warwick & Sons); the *Index Catalogue*, compiled by John Ballinger, Librarian of the Free Library, Cardiff; a second edition of Mr. Sydney Gardner Jarman's *History of Bridgewater* (Elliot Stock); and *Herr Cherrytree's Prose and Poetry* (New York: Alden), the author of which warns readers and writers that "prose and poetry writing is" (sic), with him, "a side issue."

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Royal Military Exhibition. The Philharmonic Society.
Notes from the Zoo—The Mot-Mot.
The Frozen Vacuum Brake—VII. Money Matters.
Gluck's "Orpheus" at Cambridge.
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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—THE BELLS. To-night (Saturday) at 8.50, also May 21 and 22. Mathias (his original part) Mr. Henry Irving. Preceded at 8, by THE KING and THE MILLER. LOUIS XI. May 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, at 8 o'clock. OLIVIA. May 17, 28, 29, 30, and last night of the season, May 31 (Miss ELLIEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT). Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIREWORKS! FIREWORKS! GRAND DISPLAY every THURSDAY at 8.45 by C. T. BROCK & CO. The novelties of 1890 include a new spectacular device, "MAN THE LIFE BOAT," a nautical dramatic story in Fireworks, with realistic effects. "Snake chasing Butterfly round trunk and branches of tree, Whistling Rockets, &c. Admission daily, One Shilling.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

ITALIAN ART GALLERY.—The New Colossal Picture "DEEDS NOT WORDS," and others by Professor SCIUTTI (whose works exhibited at the late Italian Exhibition, 1886, were bought by Colonel J. T. North), are now ON VIEW. Admission from Ten to Seven, in Bloomsbury Hall, 36A Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C. (Near Mudie's).

ABBAY LODGE, HANOVER GATE, REGENT'S PARK. By kind permission of Madame Ernest de Bunsen. Miss DAUGARS and Miss LEE have the honour to announce that their SEVENTH ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Afternoon, May 20, 1890, at 3.30 o'clock, when they will be assisted by the following Eminent Artists: Madame Mariaka Beroggi, Miss Luna Zagury, Miss Fannie Mason (Recitations), Mr. Richard Hope, Monsieur Ragnar Greivillius, Mr. Frederic King, Herr Jacobi (Violin), Mr. Otto Caslor (Conductor), and others. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 61 New Bond Street; and of Miss Daugars and Miss Lee, 23 Mosses Avenue, West Hampstead.

ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The SEVENTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, May 20, 1890, at the Royal School of Mines, 25 Jermyn Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following Paper will be read:—"THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF INDUSTRIAL CONCILIATION," by L. L. PRICE, Esq., M.A.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

Open Daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.
SOLDIERS' INDUSTRIAL WORK.
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MILITARY EQUIPMENT, &c. IN THE TRADE SECTION.
MILITARY SPORTS AND DRILLS.
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.

The following Military Bands will perform as under:

Monday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. Royal Irish Constabulary. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. 15th Lancers.
Tuesday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. 15th Lancers. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. Scots Guards and Pipers. 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. Royal Irish Constabulary.
Wednesday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. Royal Irish Constabulary. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. 15th Lancers. 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. Middlesex Yeomanry.
Thursday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. 15th Lancers. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. Scots Guards and Pipers. 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. 15th Lancers.
Friday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. Royal Irish Constabulary. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. 15th Lancers. 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. Royal Irish Constabulary.
Saturday	11.30 A.M. to 1 P.M. 15th Lancers. 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. Scots Guards and Pipers. 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. 15th Lancers.

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ENCAMPMENT OF ARTILLERY OR INFANTRY.
Detachments every Thursday, at 3 P.M.
ASCENT OF SPENCER'S GREAT WAR BALLOON, 60,000 Feet Capacity,
Carrying Eight Passengers, on Saturday, May 17, and Wednesday, May 21,
at 4.30 P.M.
Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations to the
Exhibition.
Steamboats from all Piers to Exhibition Pier, close to Main Entrance.
Admission.—Season Tickets (Single) 21s. (Double) 41s. 6d.; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d.;
other days, 1s.
Major G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

LONDON LIBRARY, St. James's Square, S.W.—The
FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held
in the Reading-room on Thursday, May 23, at 3 P.M.
ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—Messrs. DICKIN-
SON & FOSTER have on VIEW a SERIES of PICTURES illustrative of PUBLIC
SCHOOL LIFE.—114 New Bond Street, W. Admission free. New subjects frequently
added.

MAGDALEN, OXFORD.—From "The High" Cloister Quad.
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SERIES of PICTURES illustrating the UNIVERSITIES, and comprising Balliol,
Brasenose, Christ Church, Merton, New, Oxford. Cains, King's, St. John's, and Trinity,
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such value in preserving the continuity of Family Portraiture at a small expense.—Is
becoming increasingly in vogue. Miniatures can be commenced from Photographs and
finished from life by DICKINSON & FOSTER, 114 New Bond Street.

PLEASURE CRUISES to the LAND of the MIDNIGHT
SUN.—The ORIENT COMPANY'S steamships "GARONNE" (3,875 tons), and
"CHIMBORAZO" (3,547 tons), will make a series of TRIPS to NORWAY during the
Season, visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and
from Leith two days later.

June 4, for fifteen days.	July 15, for fifteen days.
June 18, for twenty-seven days.	July 23, for twenty-seven days.
June 25, for fifteen days.	August 8, for twenty-one days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of islands
off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of June 18 and July 23 will
proceed to the North Cape, where the sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The
"GARONNE" and "CHIMBORAZO" are fitted with the electric light, hot and cold
baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
Managers.....(F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, and
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 5 Fenchurch Avenue,
London, E.C.)
For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE to the LEVANT and CRIMEA.—
The ORIENT COMPANY will dispatch their steamship "CUZCO," 3,918 tons re-
gister, 4,000 horse-power, from London on July 1, for a Six Weeks' Cruise, visiting Piræus
(for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for
Brusa), Mount Athos, and calling en route at various places in the Mediterranean.
The month of July is considered the pleasantest time for cruising in the Mediterranean and
Black Sea. The "CUZCO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of
the highest order.
Managers.....(F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, F.C.;
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For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The
COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.
£20,000 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, Con-
valescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.
ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

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DEBENHAM & FREEBODY beg to announce
that their Spring and Summer Fashion-Book for
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TURE.
The stipend is £150 per annum, together with two-thirds of the fees paid by students
attending the Classes of the Department. The Council guarantee a minimum income of £200
per annum (exclusive of Evening Class fees).
Applications, with testimonials, should be sent not later than June 1, under cover, to the
REGISTRAR, from whom a fuller statement of duties &c., may be obtained.
HENRY WM. HOLDER, Registrar.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May 1890.

TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £80 to £15 a year, together with Four
Council Nominations (giving immediate admission), will be competed for in June next. One
of these Scholarships (£80) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School; the rest
are open to members of the School and others without distinction; two will be offered for
proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from eleven to sixteen.—Full particulars
may be obtained on application to Mr. F. J. LEADER, the College, Marlborough.

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Dairy Farming, Estate Management, Forestry, &c. &c.
For Prospectus, with particulars of Farm and Dairy, Courses of Instruction, Scholarships,
Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.
NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, May 20, 1890.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—Election to FOUR SCHOLAR-
SHIPS (two of £80, one of £50, and one of £40) on July 15, 1890. Candidates must be
under fourteen years of age on January 1, 1890.—For further particulars apply to the
WARDEN, Radley College, near Abingdon.

CHELTEHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMI-
NATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 20, 21, 22. ELEVEN
SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £40 and £90 per annum, will be awarded.
Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further
details apply to the SECRETARY, Cheltenham College.

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For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

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and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more, open to competition at
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Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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Prospectus on application to the Resident Director.

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up VACANCIES on the FOUNDATION and EXHIBITIONS will take place
July 8, 9, and 10.
For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

OUNDLÉ SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be competed for on July 8. For particulars
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moderate and inclusive.

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Examination, July 20, 1890.—For particulars as to these and Exhibitions from the School,
apply to the Head-Master, Rev. T. B. ROWE, the School, Tonbridge.

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School-house in park-like grounds of 35 acres.
Inclusive terms, 150 Guineas.
N.B.—This Advertisement is inserted owing to recent advertisements that have appeared in
the public papers and elsewhere with regard to the sale of the Woodcote Estate; but Mr.
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NEW SCIENCE EXAMINATIONS for ARMY.—RETIRED
OFFICER, Certificated Student of Normal School of Science, South Kensington,
good linguist, long and successful experience with army pupils, would like to COACH One
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